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GERMANY.

SINCE the French Revolution there has not been any event of equal European importance with the recent Prussian campaign. The various changes imposed upon the Continent by the conquests of NAPOLEON I. were fugitive and temporary; and the French tide that rolled over Europe at the beginning of the century rolled back again, and left Europe dry, at the date of the Congress of Vienna. In all human probability, the work effected by M. BISMARCK and his Prussian troops is destined to be more permanent, for it is based upon indestructible principles, and upon the self-interest of the various populations of Germany. There are certain things which never can be undone when they are once done. The old aristocratical régime in France, for example, is a ruin that cannot easily be rebuilt. The whole political and social tone of the French nation has accommodated itself to the change, and though liberty may be set up and pulled down at the will of a French Chamber or a French army of praetorians, equality has become an *idée fixe* with all classes of the French people. In the same way, the Prussian needle-gun, and the audacity or genius of M. BISMARCK, have converted several old-world German institutions into an interesting historical ruin beyond all hope of restoration. The little Courts of Germany are gone, and with them a subdivision of German nationality which sacrificed the well-being of the German people to the interests of a few reigning families and of one or two jealous European neighbours. Just as France awoke as a giant after the French Revolution, Germany is going—if we may judge by appearances—to awake like a giant now. A sudden movement of the kaleidoscope has collected round a common centre all the scattered and detached fragments of the German race, which seemed six months ago to be full of nothing but centrifugal force; and as they shoot into their new places and become fixed round a Prussian nucleus, it is impossible not to see that the new collocation is natural, and likely to be durable as well.

The suddenness with which the Frankfort Diet has collapsed is not the least striking of recent events. The Plenipotentiaries who were collected there two months ago seem to have represented nobody except a few Dukes and Princes, and their Grand Chamberlains, and their first and second cousins, so magical and so complete has been their disappearance; and a unanimous revulsion of feeling in favour of Prussian policy has manifested itself through the length and breadth of Germany. The war, which was unpopular at first because its outbreak seemed the beginning of an endless and sanguinary struggle, has ended, owing to the breakdown of the military power of Austria, far more speedily than was anticipated; and the Prussian Landwehr, who left their homes in such sorrow in the summer, are marching home again in high spirits, crowned and flushed with victory and vanity, long before autumn has begun. The interruption to industry and commerce has been but shortlived indeed, and there is opened up to the German nation a vista of splendid commercial and political prosperity to come. Some of the unvanquished Wurtembergers and Bavarians are beginning almost to regret that they are not conquered too, and that Prussia has left off marching and counter-marching too soon; and, like the besieged ladies of whom GIBBON tells us, half seem to hanker after the promised violence of which they have been deprived. The Bavarian Government is said, within the last few days, to have been threatening to break off negotiations and to resume the war. Little German Governments may propose, but their German subjects henceforward will dispose. Demonstrations, meanwhile, at Munich, in favour of national unity, would seem to indicate that the Bavarians are not as clear as their own Executive about hating with a godly hatred the aggrandizement of Prussia. Hanover, or at any rate a large portion of Hanover, scarcely can be said

to feel keenly the annexation with which it is threatened; and even from the north of Schleswig, manifestations of a desire to be absorbed are observable, which are inconsistent with the notion that any part of that unhappy Duchy is to be restored to its former Sovereign. All the frogs are so weary of little King Logs that they only ask to be devoured by one large King Stork. The programme of the National Verein has been advanced accordingly to keep pace with this universal German movement. The people of South Germany are urged by every patriotic consideration to hasten their entry into the new Confederation, and to force their reluctant rulers to swim down with, and not against, the stream. When South Germany sees a great German Parliament collected on the north of the Main, from which it is excluded in virtue of the terms obtained for it by the Austrian and Bavarian diplomatists, it will soon begin to wish either that Prussia had been less facile, or that Austrian and Bavarian diplomacy had been directed to some other object. We should not be surprised if Munich and Stuttgart were ready to submit to Prussian regency, even sooner than Prussia will be ready to receive them. The project once entertained of uniting a portion of Bavaria to the Austrian Empire is by this time definitely abandoned. Or, if any such intention is still entertained, the sacrifice of a fragment to Austria will be the price of an incorporation of the remainder into a Federal Union, towards which all Germany sooner or later, in the nature of things, must be drawn. Centripetal force is substituted in Germany for centrifugal, and Prussia, like a big snowball, seems destined to increase with rolling.

It may not hereafter be the policy of Austria to refuse, upon moderate conditions, to see Prussia complete the work she has begun. Prussia is more likely to be willing to purchase the acquiescence of the Cabinet of Vienna than to attempt to buy off French opposition by a real and substantial abandonment of German soil. Nothing can be more evident than that a French war would consolidate the new Germany at once, and it is this consideration which doubtless holds back the French Emperor from marching on the Rhine. Were he to do so, he would be repenting, on the part of France and against Germany, the blunder which Germany committed at the end of the last century against France. It is just possible that the French Revolution might have worn itself out if the Courts of Europe had been content to look on with languid indifference at the frenzied performances of the revolutionary leaders. Foreign Governments threatened France during the shedding of her skin, and the external assault made the French Revolution invincible. Unless NAPOLEON III. is strong enough to hold Germany in pieces by main force, any movement on his part would give Prussia vigour and vitality for the next twenty years. But Austria will continue to have common interests with Prussia, even though she is driven out of the German Federal body. The ruling class at Vienna will be German still; and though no love has of late years been lost between the inhabitants of Vienna and the inhabitants of Berlin, yet, now that the rivalry has disappeared, the jealousy and dislike may in time disappear also as the recollections of Sadowa become fainter. And even if Austria ceases more and more to be a Western Power, and if her provinces get the better of the central Government, Prussia and Germany will still want Austria, and will want her all the more as her great national resources are developed under a better, more economical, and less military and reactionary system. It is only through Austria that Germany can communicate with the Mediterranean. Properly speaking, there ought to be no rivalry between the Elbe and the Danube, any more than there ought to be between Kiel or Lübeck or Hamburg and Trieste. And in time we may be sure that there will be none. The reign of industrialism and commerce, which will begin as soon as the Courts of Prussia, Austria, and France will let it, will render each part of the Continent dependent on the rest; and though the principle of nationalities

can only be accepted within certain limits, each fresh nationality that is peacefully and satisfactorily organized under liberal institutions becomes pledged, as Italy and Germany will become, by its own material interests to support the great cause of peace.

Austria's halcyon days seem, however, further off than the halcyon days of North Germany. Those enemies of Prussia are destined to be disappointed who believed that the old state of antagonism between the Fortschritt party and the Feudal party of the Court would revive when the war was over. Instead of that, the Prussians appear disposed to become a happy family, and if the patriarchal pomposity of the KING could be kept permanently under, all would infallibly go well. The conciliatory overtures of HIS MAJESTY have been received with decorum and friendliness by the Liberals of the Lower Chamber, and though Herr von FORKENBECK is said to be even more advanced in his opinions than Count GRABOW, the resignation of the recent President is a graceful act which will cover the appointment of his congenial successor. As Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD would tell us, the Prussian Liberals have "got" Geist. Everybody in Prussia is delighted with the speedy return of peace, with the establishment of Prussia as one of the greatest European Powers, and with the prospect of a democratic German Parliament; and no Prussian of spirit or intelligence was likely to refuse the indemnity which was formally demanded for the legal shortcomings of the Ministry in past years. People are also pleased to think that M. BISMARCK's tyrannical proceedings were not simply conceived in a spirit of priggish and obstinate fatuity, but that, when he was bullying the Deputies and the press, he had got something worth having in his eye. Now that the object is attained, there is a happy hope prevalent everywhere that the bullyings and the imprisonments are over too; and, as M. BISMARCK is a clever man, perhaps they are. The prospect of the Austrian nation, so far as it is a nation, is less bright. When one reflects on the character of Austrian Administrations since the last Austrian revolution, the stupid things they have done, the promises they have broken, the various and irreconcilable policies they have tried in turn and in vain, one is not astonished to learn, even in a telegram of dubious authority, that men are being tried in shoals for high treason at Vienna, and that, even in the Austrian capital, dislike of the Sovereign's advisers has at last culminated in disaffection to the person of the Sovereign.

POSITION OF THE REFORM QUESTION.

THE Session has ended, Parliament has been prorogued, and the months of political inaction have begun. If the QUEEN'S Speech were supposed to give an accurate account of the past Session, it might have seemed as if these months had begun long ago. The QUEEN is glad that the Fenian conspiracy has been put down, that the water of the Thames is to be attended to, that the Atlantic Cable has been laid. But all that has been agitating the public mind for so many months was passed over in silence. This was very proper. There was nothing to be said on Reform that could be pleasant to any one, and so Reform was thrown into the shade. But every one knows that Reform will some day come out of the shade, and these months of political inaction ought to supply all parties with a very convenient opportunity of reviewing their position, and seeing how they stand towards Reform and numberless other subjects of great political importance. For, quiet as things are, and contented as the country is that things should be quiet for the moment, yet it ought not to be forgotten that the political situation is one of the most singular that are recorded in the history of England. Here is a Cabinet composed of men who neither have the confidence of the country nor are without it, who personally have as good a title to govern the country as any other set of men in Parliament, but who do not happen to have the support of a majority in the House of Commons. The country is inclined to the Liberal party, but it is very well pleased to see a Conservative Government in office. That this state of things should exist is without a parallel in the annals of party government. For not only is the country inclined to the Liberal party, but the present House of Commons is an eminently Liberal one. Every one who knows what it is like, and what it is worth, has come to the conclusion that, for ordinary purposes, and as an instrument of accomplishing the aims towards which the Liberal party is supposed to be tending, the present House of Commons is eminently Liberal. Not only are the Liberals in it numerous and intelligent, but the Conservatives are disposed to listen to reason, and to accept the inevitable far more than they have ever been before. On one single

fatal question, that of Reform, there is a difference of opinion, or rather perhaps an absence of any distinct and well-grounded opinion, that paralyzes the Liberal party, and has prompted the Conservatives to exhibit themselves in their worst light. Before all things, therefore, it is necessary that the two parties should use the time of leisure to set themselves right about Reform, and should consider most carefully, before another Session begins, how Reform ought to be treated by the present Parliament. Hurry and hot haste about Reform have done enough mischief already, and the time is now come when the country may look and ask for a more sober and matured judgment on the subject, and for a more distinct and comprehensive mode of treating the whole question of Reform.

The Conservative Government is in office, and we naturally turn first to the party that is in power. Mr. DISRAELI, some weeks ago, told his constituents that the Conservatives need not fear Reform, and that they were as well able as any one else to deal with it. This was all very well on the hustings, and in one way it is true enough. There is nothing theoretically in Reform which should make a Conservative shut it out altogether from his consideration. The wisest and most cautious Conservatives were always ready in the recent debates to admit that, if the measure of Reform proposed had been a good measure, they would have been very willing to entertain it. But this really comes to nothing. Vague generalities cannot make a difficult thing easy, and the question must always arise, at the end of all deliberations of the Conservatives on Reform, whether they will do better to take up the question or to let it alone. A purely Conservative measure, a little tinkering of the measure of 1832, such as Lord GREY advocates, might be easily made palatable to the Conservative party and be carried triumphantly through the Lords; but it would do no good whatever, and would be bitterly and successfully opposed by the large section of Liberals who would follow Mr. GLADSTONE in protesting against a timid and fragmentary measure, settling nothing and provoking further agitation. But another course has been suggested. It is said that the present Ministry might introduce a Reform Bill of as liberal a character as they could hope to recommend to their own supporters, and then leave the whole subject to the decision of the House of Commons. They might say that they had no notion of standing or falling by their Bill; they merely made a suggestion, and if the House liked anything better than this suggestion they would gladly adopt the views that they found to be prevalent. If this mode of managing things were sanctioned by the majority of the Commons, the Ministry could be in no danger, for they would not be defeated. They would only be taking instructions from the House as to its wishes. If, however, the majority declined to let things take their course, then the Ministry would appeal to the country, and declare themselves the victims of unreasoning passion and party spirit. A very little consideration, however, will suffice to show that this way of getting over the difficulty of Reform is simply impossible. Appealing to the House of Commons is merely appealing to the majority of that House, and to a majority belonging to the party adverse to the Ministry. There would be no reason why a minority should not always govern, if it were open to them to say to the majority, 'Tell us what you want, and you shall have it.' A Conservative Government, we will take for granted, thinks a wide extension of the suffrage a bad thing. The Liberal party thinks it a good thing. If the Conservative party, in order to retain office, declares that it will accept what it thinks a bad thing merely because its adversaries think it a good thing, its Government ceases to be, in any intelligible sense, a Government, except so far as the individuals holding office happen to get whatever office can give them. A Ministry that not only submitted to dictation, but courted it, would necessarily perish of the contempt it would excite. Possibly the Liberals might allow the Ministry to linger on so long as they could make such good use of their opponents; but directly their immediate purpose was served, they would use their majority to turn out a Government that had made itself universally despised. Nor is it at all in keeping with the character of the Conservative leaders to imagine that they would stoop to such a miserable position. Whatever faults Lord DERBY may have, no one can accuse him of a slavish love of office. Nor are he and his colleagues likely to be blind to the greater and wider consequences of such a course of action, or to overlook the heavy blow which they would be striking at the whole system of Parliamentary government if the party in office were to exist avowedly to register the decrees of its opponents. The true policy of the Conservatives is therefore obvious. They should keep a wise

silence about Reform. They should say that they did not take office as Reformers, but because Reformers could not carry on the Government; and that, although they will be willing enough to discuss Reform in its proper time, they cannot allow Reform to stand in the way of their proposing to Parliament measures on the very many important points on which immediate action is necessary, and with which they feel themselves competent to deal satisfactorily.

Whether the Liberal party should insist next Session on Reform being once more considered, is more doubtful. It is very expedient that the present Parliament should settle the Reform question, if that is possible; and in spite of all that has passed, we may say that it would be both able and willing to settle it, if matters were properly managed. But there are grave reasons for thinking that the Liberal party ought to allow some time to elapse before it again takes office; and to press on Reform would be to take office, for the probable consequence of reviving the question would be that a majority of the House of Commons would pronounce itself against the present Government. The Liberal party is not really ready for office. It wants the two things without which a party in office can never be successful—men and ideas. It is at this moment very poorly and badly led; and it does not know what it wants, or what it ought to want. Mr. GLADSTONE is an admirable speaker, and has some of the highest qualities of a statesman, but he has one fatal defect as the leader of the Liberal party. He is not a Liberal. He is an outsider to the Liberals, does not think or feel as they do, and cannot make up his mind on a multitude of points on which they have a strong opinion. When Mr. GLADSTONE has been named, the Liberals have no other leaders. They have not even respectable administrators to do them a faint amount of credit. It would be a dreadful abuse of the mere numerical strength of the party to insist that the navy shall again be committed to the Duke of SOMERSET, the army to Lord HARTINGTON, and India to Lord DE GREY. And, short as the Liberal party is of men, it is still more deficient in ideas. The three most important political subjects of the day perhaps are Reform, Ireland, and the efficiency of the Public Service. On no one of the three have the Liberals anything like a well-seasoned creed or a coherent theory. They are all subjects that need to be thought out, and the Liberals have not thought them out. That the Conservatives are no forwarder may be true, but that is nothing to the purpose. The Liberals are the party of progress, and should know what they want and why they want it. In order to carry Reform, the Liberals ought to be prepared to show that there are very grievous evils in our present system of Government, and that a Reform Act would tend to remove or mitigate these evils. This is the only satisfactory basis for Reform, and it is a basis on which we are convinced Reform might be established. A year would be well spent if it were passed by public men of all kinds, speakers as well as writers, in showing how very faulty our present Parliamentary system is, how much national energy it wastes, how very much it leaves undone that ought to be done, how deeply it instils into the national mind the habit of accepting all national shortcomings in a spirit of cheerful, complacent neglectfulness. More especially the action of Parliament in the administration of the country—the folly, the waste, the imbecility it engenders—deserves the most earnest attention of the party which professedly exists to make things better. Until the Liberal party has shown that it has really something to say that is worth listening to, and something to aim at which is worth striving after, and until it is led by men of a different stamp from those who composed the majority of the late Cabinet, it can do no real good, and win no real credit, by resuming office. If it resumes office too soon, the probability is that there will be a series of ineffectual party struggles, of shortlived Ministries, unavailing dissolutions, and wasted Sessions, which will do infinite harm, and make the English system of government a byword and a reproach among the nations.

THE FRENCH CLAIMS ON PRUSSIA.

THE communications which have lately passed between Paris and Berlin are not yet accurately known. The substance of them seems to be that a small but important strip of German territory was required from Prussia by the French EMPEROR, and it was more than suspected that Count BISMARCK was in some way privy to the demand, and had even arranged it beforehand with the Tuileries. Whether this is true or not may possibly never be known, but the French demand was received with such contumelious and unanimous abhorrence in Germany that the Prussian

Minister, either in deference to German opinion, or feeling himself to be strong enough to disavow his secret bargain, has met what is now called the EMPEROR's "suggestion" by a flat negative. And, which is of most importance, LOUIS NAPOLEON has yielded, and withdrawn his claim. It is premature to speculate upon the consequences of what at present can only be imperfectly understood. The sycophants of the Imperial throne will of course be in ecstasies at the magnanimous policy which recedes from an insolent demand when it is found that the proposed victim is too strong to be robbed with impunity. But there will be many who will only be able to see in this magnanimity a humiliating defeat—not quite the first, but the most serious which has overtaken the luckiest and, as some think, the deepest schemer in Europe. One thing is quite certain, that the Imperial policy, whatever it may have been, stands rebuked by a superior will, or a superior power, or a superior duplicity. To suppose that, affecting only to represent French opinion, the EMPEROR made a demand which he never intended to enforce, merely for the pedagogic purpose of teaching his children not to cry for the moon, nor to aspire to unattainable acquisitions, is hardly to do credit to the EMPEROR's common sense. If French opinion was in earnest in promoting the demand on Prussia, French opinion will have something to say—and that something may be a very serious utterance—about the result; which anyhow comes to this—either that the wishes of France have been betrayed by the ruler of France, or that their ruler is not strong enough to enforce them, or not skilful enough to attain them by those arts which have hitherto retained him a place in their confidence.

Of the four towns which have been mentioned as included in the French demand, two belong to Luxemburg or Belgium, while Landau lies in the Bavarian Palatinate, and Sarre Louis alone in the proper territory of Prussia. The proposed extension of frontier was justified, in French estimation, on two grounds, which were wholly unconnected with one another. It was said that the aggrandizement of Prussia rendered it necessary to readjust the balance of power; and it was also alleged that the coveted districts had been left in the possession of France under the Treaty of 1814. The defeat of NAPOLEON after his return from Elba naturally induced the Allies to increase their pretensions, and it was only by the strenuous and statesmanlike efforts of the Duke of WELLINGTON that Austria and Prussia were induced to relinquish large additional claims. The name of Sarre Louis is rendered memorable by a serio-comic incident in the trial of Marshal NEY, who was a native of the district. When it became evident that a conviction was unavoidable, M. BERRYER and M. DUPIN drew up for their illustrious client an extemporaneous protest against a legal objection which they then proceeded to urge. The MARSHAL, they contended, could not be guilty of treason against the Crown of France, because his domicile at Sarre Louis made him a Prussian subject. In pursuance of the previous understanding with his counsel, Marshal NEY interrupted their argument with an indignant declaration that he would rather die a Frenchman than escape under a legal quibble which turned him into a Prussian. The episode was practically useless, but it interested the audience, and perhaps it may have gratified the ill-fated hero. Sarre Louis, like Philippeville, which is said to have been included in the Emperor NAPOLEON's demand, indicates by its name French occupation of German soil before the days of the Revolution and the Empire. Landau was ceded to Louis XIV. in 1713, and Frenchmen are slow to believe that national rights can survive a temporary annexation to the dominions of their Government. The fortune of war created as good a title in 1815 as in 1814, but the restoration of the limits of the old monarchy seemed a greater hardship than the reclamation of conquests made during the great war. Although NAPOLEON III., when he assumed the Imperial Crown, assured the Courts of Europe that he recognised existing treaties, he has already contrived to annex the duchy of Savoy and the county of Nice, and he lately assured his subjects, through the Mayor of AUXERRE, that he would use his utmost efforts to trample the arrangements of Vienna under foot. The recovery of the districts which were lost in 1815 would be unanimously regarded in France as not only desirable but just. The more general pretext which was alleged for the demand upon Prussia would, if recognised, be far more dangerous to Europe, while it is much less plausible.

If France has a vested interest in the weakness of every neighbouring Power, it follows rather that a country so singularly circumstanced is a public enemy, than that the restoration of German or Italian unity ought to be purchased by a surrender of territory to a jealous neighbour. It is true

that the balance of power is affected by the aggrandizement of Prussia, but the change is in the direction of equilibrium, and not of disturbance. Up to this time, the aggressions of France have never been effectually checked except by a European coalition; and LOUIS XIV. and NAPOLEON contrived to add to their proper resources a considerable fraction of the strength of Germany. With a great monarchy on its Eastern frontier, France will still be a match for any single adversary, and, except at the end of an exhausting war, the collective force of Europe might be defied to attempt an invasion. It is perfectly clear that, if the Prussian annexations involve any risk to France, the acquisition of Landau and two or three other frontier fortresses would be almost nugatory as securities against danger. The Emperor NAPOLEON probably wished to gratify a popular sentiment with which he might himself sympathize, rather than to take precautions against a popular attack. The belief of Frenchmen in his pre-eminent sagacity had been shaken by the Bohemian campaign and by his first abortive attempts at mediation, and he therefore thought it expedient to show that he had done something for the interests of France, while he had been the involuntary spectator of the Prussian triumphs. His policy is perfectly intelligible; though it would be hard on a neighbouring State that its territory should be dismembered for the purpose of correcting the failure or the blunder of a foreign Government.

It is uncertain whether Count BISMARCK had furnished an excuse for the French demand by any hints or overtures at the time of his visit to Biarritz. Probability and general rumour are opposed to the supposition that the Prussian Minister proposed any direct sacrifice on the part of his own Sovereign. It is much more likely that he may have intimated that Bavaria could spare Landau, or that the frontier districts of Belgium admitted of readjustment, than that Prussia was disposed to cede the district and coalfield of the Saar. It is also improbable that one of the most daring and able of diplomatists pledged himself definitely to a concession which circumstances might afterwards render inexpedient. If Italy had been a match for France, CAVOUR would probably have placed a different interpretation on the arrangements of Plombières. Count BISMARCK may perhaps not be a more skilful statesman, but he has greater force behind him; and it was more prudent to accept the challenge of France than to humiliate a nation which has for the first time become fully conscious of its unity and greatness. The successful rejection of a foreign claim to a portion of German soil will confirm the new position of Prussia as the acknowledged head of the entire race. It may be doubted whether even the manipulation of a French Commissary would at this moment secure the vote of a German district for annexation to an alien State. The Emperor NAPOLEON, in just reliance on the pliability of universal suffrage, voluntarily pledged himself not to effect any territorial spoliation except by the machinery of the ballot; and his character and conduct afford no ground for suspecting him of a desire to plunder his neighbours by brute force, without reason or excuse. M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN represents or caricatures the opinions of vulgar Frenchmen when he advises Prussia to make a liberal donation of the entire left bank of the Rhine. The Emperor NAPOLEON is a practical statesman, and he is too prudent to lower his dignity by insisting on insolent and impossible requests.

The controversy which seemed likely to be raised by the Imperial demand is on one side merely verbal, but in substance it opened issues of the gravest moment. While French writers complain that Prussia has been aggrandized, the Germans reply that the redistribution of power in the late Confederacy is merely an internal or domestic reform. The historical and legal unity of Germany has, in fact, never been interrupted, except during the period of eight or nine years which intervened between the abdication of the Emperor FRANCIS and the creation of the Confederacy. From the depths of the middle ages to the year 1806 there was first a real, and afterwards a titular, King of Germany. From 1814 to 1866 there has been a Federal representation at Frankfurt, and a public law which was occasionally enforced against minor offenders. A more real bond of union consisted in the common citizenship which allowed the subject of any German State to transfer his services at pleasure to any other Government. Prince METTERNICH was a nobleman of the Palatinate; NIEBUHR commenced life in the service of his native sovereign, the King of DENMARK, who was then Duke of HOLSTEIN; and when he became a Prussian functionary and ambassador, he was not conscious of forfeiting his birth-right by the transfer of his personal allegiance. Even

in the most recent times, Baron BEUST has often been mentioned as a probable Austrian Minister; and one of the most prominent converts to Count BISMARCK's policy was lately at the head of the Government of Baden. The German Parliament of 1848, the National Union, the Congress of members of the German Legislative Assemblies, all bear witness to the universal conviction that diversity of administration and of dynasty was compatible with a common and indivisible nationality. The French assumption that Prussia and Bavaria are separated in the sense in which Spain is separated from Italy is both surprising and offensive to German feeling. The defects of English information are more easily corrected in the absence of national jealousy. Even fluent journalists and credulous readers have lately learned that Germany is not exclusively inhabited by moonstruck pedants. The patriotism of the "professors," who were formerly considered objects of ridicule, has become respectable on the field of Königsgratz. The Germans, unlike the English, have the weakness of requiring a theory in which they may believe, before they proceed to express their faith in action. If the KING succeeds in effecting a reconciliation with the House of Deputies, the just censure which has been bestowed on his domestic policy will cease to be applicable. The uses of prosperity are sometimes valuable when good fortune happens to coincide with wisdom.

PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Parliamentary prospects of Lord DERRY's Government are not encouraging, but the heads of departments have the opportunity of strengthening their party by showing their capacity to render important administrative service to the country. The surviving colleagues of Lord PALMERSTON had been too long in office, for the necessity of improvement has become as obvious on a change of government as in a house where no repairs have been attempted during the term of an outgoing tenant. Lord CRANBORNE has already produced a favourable impression at the India Office, and although he succeeds, after a short interval, one of the most industrious and clear-headed of administrators, he will have the great advantage of looking at Indian questions from a new point of view. In England, as in America and in the ancient Republics, the chief control of public business has, by political accident rather than by design, fallen into the hands of non-professional statesmen. There are some obvious disadvantages in the system, but it brings public opinion and unprejudiced common sense to bear at irregular intervals on the centre of affairs. Permanent functionaries habitually run in a groove, and uniformity is less desirable in executive conduct than in judicial decisions. Lord CRANBORNE has his business to learn, but he is able and hard-working, he is surrounded by experienced advisers, and the Home Government exercises an appellant rather than an original control over Indian policy and administration. At the Colonial Office Lord CARNARVON will probably have the satisfaction of sanctioning the confederation of the British Provinces in North America. Mr. CARDWELL had conducted the preliminary negotiations with ability and prudence, and, unless some unexpected impediment arises, there is little left for his successor to do. Lord CARNARVON's speech on Jamaica did the more credit to his feelings and his judgment, because many of his party had foolishly undertaken to apologize for misconduct which they had no rational motive for defending. A code of instructions for the guidance of Colonial Governors in dealing with local disturbances might perhaps tend to prevent the repetition of the errors which were committed in Jamaica and Ceylon. The task of framing standing orders for the suppression of rebellions is undoubtedly difficult, but confidence and ambition become a young Minister, who may probably have only a brief opportunity of serving his country and displaying his own capacity.

If the Administration lives to produce a Budget, Mr. DISRAELI can at the best only hope that he may not serve as a foil to Mr. GLADSTONE. As he will have full employment in determining the general policy of the Cabinet, and in managing the House of Commons, he will be well advised in devolving his financial duties on Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE possesses the special knowledge in which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is deficient, and he has little ordinary business of his own, although he is generally responsible for commercial legislation. All Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's industry and all Mr. DISRAELI's oratorical resources will be required to meet the unsparing criticism of the most formidable of opponents.

Mr. HARDY is so far fortunate that he will have the support of public opinion in any successful effort to deal with the abuses of the Poor-law. His predecessor exhibited vigour and ability during the cotton famine, but his attention seems not to have been directed in time to the state of the workhouse infirmaries. If the Poor-law Board desires to increase its own power at the expense of the local authorities, there will at present be little difficulty in persuading Parliament to extend its functions. Changes in the administration of the Poor-law operate below the level of political controversy, and when there is no question of the redistribution of power, a Conservative Minister labours under no peculiar disqualification.

The SECRETARY for WAR and the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY are zealous and intelligent public servants, but until they have cleansed some small portion of their respective Augean stables, any estimate of their heroic qualities would be altogether premature. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has already performed a public service by superseding the Duke of SOMERSET. It is not easy to understand why some Ministers are always extravagantly overrated. The late FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY was constantly extolled for his resolute character, and for his untiring industry. His firmness has, however, been chiefly displayed in his opposition to naval improvements, and at the end of a seven years' tenure of office, with almost unlimited funds at his disposal, he has left the country with one imperfect turret-ship, with an old wooden three-decker for a Mediterranean flag-ship, and without a reserve squadron. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON is not gifted with brilliant ability, but it is impossible that he can do worse than the Duke of SOMERSET, and he will try to do better. By some strange fatality, in the midst of growing dangers, England is apparently unable to purchase either an army or a navy. The War Office and the Admiralty labour under chronic inefficiency, and the FOREIGN MINISTER feels the result in the growing indifference of Continental Governments to English feeling and opinion. General PEEL has done well in accelerating the supply of breech-loading rifles to the infantry, but he has a more difficult and more important task in providing soldiers to carry his muskets. A Minister who finds the means of inducing veterans to re-enlist after their first term of service will be pardoned for retrograde opinions on Reform. The day in which a conscription will be endured in England is probably still distant, and in the meantime one of the most urgent duties of the Government is to facilitate recruiting, and more especially re-enlistment. The golden age of universal peace ended about the time at which the Peace Society was established under Mr. CODDEN's auspices; and the fortunes of the world are once more, as in the days of the first NAPOLEON, referred, by the common consent of nations and of kings, to the arbitration of force. That England should, under a succession of incompetent administrators, be powerless by land and sea, is a standing disgrace, and a source of imminent danger. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has commenced his career by performing the useful function of an accountant who inspects the books of a mismanaged firm; but the more complicated duty of restoring the concern to prosperity will tax the energies of the ablest Minister. It is at least satisfactory to reflect that two successive First Lords of the Admiralty can scarcely share in an insuperable objection to the construction of turret-ships.

The Foreign Office, though it is not strictly an administrative department, is at present the most difficult and important branch of the public service. Lord STANLEY may be trusted when prudent reserve and calmness of temper are principally required, but his firmness and decision in difficult circumstances can only be tested by experience. As it seems that all European treaties are practically abrogated, the policy of England must be guided by general considerations of expediency and justice. The protection of Belgium from the lawless cupidity of a powerful neighbour would be worth a great sacrifice; but the possibility of ultimate success must be carefully considered. Lord STANLEY has shown that he appreciates at its true value the friendship of the United States, and he will certainly turn a deaf ear to the frantic hostility of the American Congress and press; but it is possible that the extreme Republicans may provoke a collision, and in the last resort Canada must be defended by the whole force of the Empire.

With Reform and Ireland in its way, the Government can scarcely hope for a long and prosperous career, but, even if it fails to avert defeat, it may make its fall regretted. The occupants of the great offices must rely on their own energies, for Lord DERBY is but an ornamental head of the Cabinet. The vigour which was inspired into the public service by Sir ROBERT PEEL's comprehensive supervision has not been repro-

duced even by his ablest successors. Lord JOHN RUSSELL had colleagues of greater weight than himself; and Lord ABERDEEN, though he was one of the most patriotic of Ministers, was only the head of a coalition, with impatient allies among his nominal subordinates. Lord PALMERSTON was already old when he attained supreme power, and from taste and habit he confined his attention principally to foreign affairs. Lord DERBY has never been pre-eminent as a man of business, and, having few strong convictions of his own, he has on former occasions been content to let Mr. DISRAELI control the policy of his Cabinet, while individual Ministers have been supreme in their respective departments. In one contingency, he may perhaps rally the middle classes to his support, and even secure a majority in the House of Commons, but he can scarcely hope for such good fortune as an open alliance of Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE with Mr. BEALES and the London mob.

AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

IT is to be hoped that peace will soon be concluded between Austria and Italy, and that the approaching negotiation will give the new Italian Kingdom all that it could reasonably have looked for at the beginning of the war. Italy will not perhaps obtain the Trentino, and the Tagliamento must in any case be the utmost boundary of her territorial acquisitions in the direction of Trieste. Such a settlement of her northern frontier is in the nature of a compromise, but it is a compromise with which the Italians ought not in reason to be discontented. The campaign has been short, and not unusually sharp; and though the Italians both on land and sea have displayed their customary bravery, both on land and sea they have come off second-best. By the prosecution of the war after the voluntary abandonment of Venetia by the enemy, they have succeeded in pushing some way beyond the line that will probably be ultimately assigned to Italy; but these conquests have only been conquests upon paper, and scarcely entitle the Italians to the benefit of the principle of *uti possidetis*. The battle that must have been a necessary preliminary to any enlargement of the limits of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom never was fought, and it is idle to speculate on what might have been its issue. General CIALDINI and the army of the Po have only advanced to their present entrenchments in virtue of the success of the Prussians in Bohemia and Moravia; but even if the war had continued upon the Danube, the approaches to Trieste would probably have been defended by Austria to the last, though it was not her interest to squander any more efforts upon the maintenance of a forlorn position in the Quadrilateral. Nor do we observe that there is any great wish on the part of the Trentino or the Trieste populations to be annexed to Italy. Trieste is necessary to Austria, if not to the whole of Germany—far more so, indeed, than to Italy herself. What ought, upon *à priori* principles of language and nationality, to be its destiny may be a moot point, but it is not Italian in political sentiment or in inclination, like Venice, Verona, or Padua, and a union between Trieste and Italy is desired rather by Italy than by Trieste. The financial terms on which Venetia is to be surrendered are of far more political importance than the exact line of demarcation which may be ultimately arranged. The Vienna Government will probably insist upon transferring to Italy, together with her new province, a weighty portion of the Austrian national debt. And there has been some talk of a money indemnification to be demanded for the fortresses of the Quadrilateral. What the Austrians have to pay Prussia on the Danube they will perhaps thus endeavour to recoup themselves from Italy upon the Po; and these heavy pecuniary sacrifices, which Italy is almost unable to make, Austria, on the other hand, is almost equally unable to dispense with.

Supposing peace to be concluded without any diplomatic interruption, the new relations between Italy and Austria will be a subject of considerable moment to both countries. Both are equally interested in coming to some amicable arrangement which for the next thirty years may be understood to be final. Austria at home has to deal with the powerful national party that is beginning to take up an uncompromising if not menacing attitude throughout her various provinces. She will have her hands full before long of domestic trouble, and the wisest step she can adopt will be to conciliate and pacify Italy, which till recently has been the natural ally of Austrian revolution. The EMPEROR is, however, surrounded by statesmen so stubborn and so improvident that one cannot calculate upon his entering on any course of prudent conciliation. Military pride has been the ruin of the House of HAPSBURG, and will perhaps be its ruin still. If Austria

had consented to give up Venetia without waiting to gain a temporary victory at Custoza first, the current of events might have run differently in Saxony and in Bohemia, BENEDEK might have been a full match for his antagonists, and, instead of the Prussian horses drinking the waters of the Danube, Austrian hussars might by this time have been bivouacking at Berlin. But the Austrian Cabinet was too proud to surrender Venice till all surrender came too late, just as it has been too proud to acknowledge the political existence of the new Italian Kingdom, too proud to recognise the constitutional liberties of Hungary, too proud to believe in the power of Prussia, or in the unutterable weakness and pusillanimity of the now obsolete Bund. The EMPEROR's advisers have it in their power to continue the same pernicious policy, and to be still too proud in all directions, in which case another year or two may see a revolution in Hungary, and a successful campaign on the part of Italy. But if Austria is interested in putting a definite end to all animosity between herself and Italy, Italy is not less interested in meeting her half-way. Only a lasting peace, an absolute retrenchment of all military expenditure, and a concentration of all the national energies upon the development of her industrial resources can save Italy from bankruptcy. Nor should it be forgotten that Italy, as well as Austria, has her domestic difficulties, which will not have been diminished, but increased, by the misadventures of the war. The Italians, with the exception of the extreme Party of Progress, are not sorry that the war is over, but they are anything but contented with their rulers. The campaign has not increased their enthusiasm about the KING; for, though his personal courage is unquestioned, it has become evident to all men that he is neither a statesman nor a general, nor even an accomplished private gentleman. He has no political qualities that command respect on the one hand, or that make up for the incapacity of his advisers when they happen to be incompetent. And the sudden collapse of the prestige of General LA MARMORA tends to complicate the situation of all political parties. Throughout the last year General LA MARMORA has been kept in office in spite of the ill will of the Left, whose opinion of him has never been concealed. So long as the Left were excluded from a share in the Government, he was the only possible Premier (RATAZZI being distrusted), except RICASOLI, who is not fitted by nature to be a Parliamentary leader. In answer to every criticism, it was the fashion of General LA MARMORA's supporters to proclaim that, at a critical time, and on the eve of a great war, LA MARMORA was the right man in the right post. In the first place he was honest, and in the second place the Left were for ever being reminded that he was very great in everything that related to the organization of the army. War came, and neither the army nor the navy turned out to be organized at all, and General LA MARMORA, in verification of the prophetic words uttered by General FANTI before his death, did "go and break his obstinate head" against the Quadrilateral. The Italian public, in consequence, has been passing through the same tempest of excited feeling which swept over the English public during the Crimean war. Generals and admirals are made the scapegoats for the sins of a bad administration and a bad system, and the temporary ostracism from public life which became for a time the portion of the Duke of NEWCASTLE is likely, it seems, to become the portion of General LA MARMORA. Under such circumstances, the political parties in the Italian Chambers stand a fair chance of being broken up and reconstituted. Fresh deputies will soon be pouring in from Venetia—and, if the Roman question is finally settled in 1866, from Rome—in sufficient numbers to affect the Parliamentary balance of power. Government will in one way become easier; for the Ministries of the future will no longer find themselves in the dilemma of being obliged either to maintain an exorbitant and ruinous army, or to fly in the face of the aspirations and ideas of the nation. But, on the other hand, it will not be possible to keep the Left much longer in the cold shade of Opposition. As the foreign relations of Italy cease to be critical, the necessity of retaining power in the hands of the moderate Liberals will diminish, and their Parliamentary following will possibly grow less and less compact. The internal problems which will take the place of agitation about Venice or Rome can only be satisfactorily handled in times of complete tranquillity; and Italy is about to enter a phase in which she will require, above all things, money, and independence, and profound peace.

The discomfiture of Austria puts an end to any pretensions which the Austrian EMPEROR may have formed to interfere in the affairs of the Papacy at Rome. As was foreseen, the POPE has begun to recognise the change effected in his situation by the battle of Sadowa. For the first time since the peace of Villa-

franca, the "brigands" of the Florence Cabinet are admitted by the Ultramontane organ of the Vatican to the more courteous appellation of "the Italian Government"; and His Holiness has thought seriously—if rumours speak the truth—of making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness. Simultaneously with these indications of a gentler temper, PIONONO and the wise men of the Vatican are understood to be hammering out some holy title for the Emperor of the FRENCH which may fit the new circumstances of the case. The battle of Sadowa, as it has altered the brigands of Florence into a respectable Administration, is likely, it appears, to convert the PONTIUS PILATE of the Tuileries into either a Roman Patrician, or a Grand Vicar of the Papacy, or a Defender of the Holy Catholic Faith. Austria's complete withdrawal from the Italian peninsula renders less necessary the permanent retention of a French garrison at Rome or Civita Vecchia; but while France can henceforward with safety break whenever she chooses with the Papacy, the formidable growth of Prussia may render Catholicism a favourite and useful diplomatic tool in the French EMPEROR's hands. As far as the Vatican is concerned, France still remains mistress of the situation, for Prussia is scarcely interested enough, or Italy powerful enough, to interfere. The effect of all may not possibly be the gradual subjection of the Papacy to French influence, and the consequent decay of Ultramontanism alike in Italy, Germany, and France.

THE AMERICAN NEUTRALITY BILL.

THE Act for relaxing the international obligations of neutrality has passed the American House of Representatives by a unanimous vote. Neither the promoters of the measure nor the assembly which adopted their proposal can be accused of hypocrisy. The Report of the Foreign Affairs Committee drawn up by Mr. BANKS avows, as the reason for the Bill, the expediency of injuring England, and of removing any obstacle which may interfere with Fenian piracy. Mr. Sumner deserves the credit of having stopped the progress of the Bill in the Senate; and it can scarcely be doubted that, if necessary, a further delay would have been interposed by the veto of the PRESIDENT. The object of Congress will, however, have been practically attained by the legislative interpretation which has been placed on the policy of the United States; for no freebooter need dread punishment for acts which have been declared by the House of Representatives permissible, if not laudable. The Senate, with emulous alacrity in disgracing itself, has placed its own hall at the disposal of the Fenian conspirators. The Irish themselves must, if they ever condescend to ethical reflection, feel conscious of a moral superiority to those American politicians who grovel in the mud for the purpose of securing the votes of a despised and unpopular class. It is impossible to disregard the folly and the meanness of politicians who may perhaps wield the power of a great and warlike nation; but, except as far as material consequences are concerned, the proceedings of the dominant faction in the United States provoke contempt rather than indignation. The House of Representatives, by passing the Bill for facilitating breaches of neutrality, and the Senate, by its scandalous encouragement of the Fenians, have exceeded all the violations of courtesy and justice which had, during a long series of years, discredited their Democratic predecessors in power. The PRESIDENT alone stands between the Radical majority and a wanton rupture with England. His tenure of office continues for two years and a half, and after that time it is not impossible that his successor may be the author of the Report on Neutrality, and of the Bill for the annexation of the British North American provinces. English enthusiasts for American institutions seem not unlikely to pass through a course of repentance and conversion.

The municipal legislation of the United States can in no degree affect international duties. A foreign Government has a right to demand that American soil shall not be used against itself as a base of hostile operations; but the mode in which American citizens are to be restrained from a breach of duty belongs exclusively to the province of the Federal Legislature. A Fenian invasion of Canada from the adjacent States, promoted or tolerated by the American Government, would be an inevitable cause of war; but as long as no overt act is committed, the absence of neutrality laws from the American code would not be a legitimate ground of offence. The publication of Mr. BANKS's Report is intended as an insult to England, to be hereafter followed by injury; but happily it is not necessary to notice the affront, and the meditated wrong may perhaps never be perpetrated. With the usual liability

of angry persons to forget their own dignity, Mr. BANKS asserts that the existing laws of the United States were enacted under English influence. "These provisions indicate clearly under what influence they were enacted, and what interests they were intended to subserve." If a foreigner had ventured on a similar criticism, he might fairly have been accused of impertinence and unfairness; but if the House of Representatives likes to take liberties with American history, it is not for strangers to complain. The provisions of the Neutrality Act which are repealed by the Bill are nearly identical with those of the English Statute. Mr. BANKS and the House of Representatives are not ashamed to declare that it is "for the interest of public peace" to abolish the prohibition on "fitting out or arming, or attempting to fit out and arm, or being concerned in fitting out or arming any ship or vessel with intent that such ship or vessel shall be engaged in the service of any foreign prince or State, or any colony, district, or people, to cruise or commit hostilities against the subjects, citizens, or property of any foreign prince, State, or people with whom the United States are at peace." That the evil aimed at by the Act constitutes a breach of international law, was admitted on both sides in the voluminous correspondence between the English and American Governments. Mr. ADAMS, indeed, complained that the English Act was defective in not requiring a bond from the owner of any ship which was apparently designed for the warlike service of a foreign belligerent; but Lord RUSSELL and Lord CLARENDON clearly proved that the provisions of the American law would have been inoperative in the case of the *Alabama*. The Report deliberately repudiates every principle on which the American Minister relied during the entire controversy.

In the course of his remarkable argument, Mr. BANKS declares that Great Britain, "in theory at least, maintains the ancient and unjust pretensions of belligerents on the sea, denying that the flag protects the merchandize, condemning as contraband of war materials used in the construction of vessels . . . and asserting the right of search and the theory of paper blockade." The maritime law of the United States is identical with that of England, and during the late war the United States maintained, not merely in theory, the very pretensions which are now denounced as unjust. Mr. BANKS, however, and his abettors must be fully aware that Great Britain rejects the doctrine of paper blockade, and that, by the Convention of Paris, the flag is now, as respects all European States, an absolute protection to the goods. Mr. BANKS is also aware that England proposed to the United States the same relaxation of the common law of the sea, and that the proposal was rejected. It is not surprising that wilful falsehoods are included in a document which in several passages describes England as "our enemy," in contradistinction to France, which is "our friend." It may be observed that Mr. BANKS is disposed to presume on friendship as well as to embitter enmity, for he lately introduced a proposal for a loan of 10,000,000*l.* for the purpose of overthrowing the French power in Mexico. France has, however, the pleasure of receiving verbal civility, while England, as usual, suffers a torrent of vituperation. "With indecent disregard of our situation, she has lost no opportunity to embarrass us. She planted slavery in America, for her own selfish interest. . . . Having fastened it upon us, she precipitated the question of abolition." As the Americans allowed eighty or ninety years to elapse after their achievement of independence before they thought fit to abolish slavery, it seems hard that the alleged misdeeds of a hundred and fifty years ago should now be raked up against England as an excuse for permitting robbery and murder in Canada. Except by reading *Uncle Tom*, which was written in Boston, Englishmen did nothing to precipitate abolition. The Radical friends of the negro must be strangely blinded by real or affected spite when they describe premature abolition as an injury to be avenged.

The Report closes with a final and furious invective against England, and with a profession of sympathy with the Fenian conspirators. As the Bill was immediately passed, without debate, by a unanimous vote, the House of Representatives must be understood to concur in the outrageous language and sentiments of the Chairman of its Foreign Affairs Committee. The Bill itself attracted little attention, as it was probably understood that even the prohibitions which it re-enacts are not to be enforced in favour of England. All foreigners in the United States, including of course Irishmen who are not naturalized citizens, are henceforth allowed to enlist for land or sea service against any Power at peace with the United

States. During the Crimean war, the English Minister was contumeliously dismissed from Washington on a charge of having countenanced the enlistment of English subjects within American territory; but the Fenians are now permitted by law to commit the very act which was used as an excuse for expressing American illwill to England and sympathy with Russia. The penalty for fitting out armed vessels is reduced from 10,000 to 3,000 dollars, and the powers of Collectors of Customs to seize delinquent vessels are carefully restricted. The main object of the Bill was probably attained by the Report, as it might be cheaper to purchase Irish votes by verbal abuse of England than by legislation which only diminished the power of the American Government. The change which the leaders of Congress hope to effect in the working of the Constitution seems likely to modify the foreign policy of the United States. The nominees of universal suffrage have learned Imperial ambition while they still retain the vulgar violence and recklessness of an exaggerated vestry. The same restraint on the power of the multitude which is imposed in France by official management of elections had till lately been secured to the United States by the practical withdrawal of political power from Congress. But the war, and the consequent party struggles, have raised the House into political importance; and Mr. BANKS represents America as Mr. BEALES or Mr. MASON JONES might represent England, if the Hyde Park rioters and the Reform League were suddenly substituted for the House of Commons. In domestic policy, the Senate and the House appear to be incapable of forethought and conciliation, while in foreign transactions they are coarsely and cynically unjust. On the whole, it seems worth while to maintain the English Constitution a little longer, especially when the organs of Hyde Park assure their readers that England has no right to complain of Mr. BANKS and his noisy insults.

THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

HITHERTO the English people have not claimed, nor have their neighbours credited them with, the attribute of impudence. Many other qualities, better and worse, have been ascribed to us, but that of impudence is about the last that we either sought to deserve or thought we had deserved. Yet national character changes with the lapse of ages, and it seems likely enough that we shall soon reckon among the characteristics of the metropolitan portion of the people one which has hitherto been the least popular among us. At any rate a correspondence which has been published in the daily papers would seem to indicate this. The parties to it are a person called DE GRUYTER, on the one side, and Sir THOMAS BIDDULPH, the QUEEN'S Private Secretary, on the other. The person with the foreign-sounding name—probably a foreigner, enjoying his right of asylum in England—writes to request that HER MAJESTY will receive a deputation charged with the presentation of resolutions passed at the Marble Arch on Monday the 23rd of July. To this Sir THOMAS BIDDULPH naturally replies that any petition to the QUEEN should be transmitted through the Secretary of State. But this does not satisfy the pertinacious DE GRUYTER, who rejoins that he is "aware of the etiquette in the matter," but regrets that "under existing circumstances" he cannot comply with it, but must press the right of the deputation to wait on HER MAJESTY, and requests "that you will let us know when HER MAJESTY will be pleased to receive us." He then justifies his assertion of his "right" by citing two Statutes, the 13th of CHARLES II. s. 1, cap. 5, and the 1st of WILLIAM and MARY, s. 2, cap. 2. This urgent importunity Sir THOMAS BIDDULPH has no further means of parrying than by a reference to his former reply; and this provokes from the unabashed DE GRUYTER a reiteration of his demand on behalf of working-men, "who cannot afford to lose their time or travel about the country," and the intimation that they "would like to wait on HER MAJESTY at Windsor before she leaves for Scotland."

Whatever else may be thought of the request and its repetition, there can be but one opinion as to the conduct of the petitioners. It is marked by an effrontery of unequalled coolness. To parade a mob of men within the gates of Hyde Park, to hold a meeting there in defiance of the law, to pass resolutions in condemnation of the QUEEN'S Ministers and the QUEEN'S servants charged with the execution of the law, and then to insist on presenting these resolutions to the QUEEN in person, altogether makes up an aggregate of impudence which, if it were only exhibited in the face of greater difficulty and danger, would be almost sublime. As it is, everybody feels

that the whole thing is a travesty of the impertinences which, first developed by the leaders of the French Revolution, have since been aped in succeeding Continental revolutions, but which England will scarcely see repeated in their grosser forms till a much greater change has come over the spirit and demeanour of Englishmen than we are likely to witness in our lifetime. Still the incident is not without its own value, small though that be. It shows that we have the germs of *PÉTIONS* and *VERGNAUDS* amongst us—men whom the disturbances of a day might put in a position to confront Majesty, and who would make the occasion one for insulting it. Fortunately these occasions can only be very rare, and ought never to be at all, with tolerable firmness and good management. Apart from considerations of respect for the person and station of the Sovereign—of which, even in troublous times, there will always be sufficient to shield the Crown from a repetition of deliberate insult—a sense of public convenience would dictate the avoidance of unnecessary conferences between the Monarch and any irresponsible body of subjects on political questions. It is not on personal considerations alone that what this agitator with a foreign name calls “*etiquette*” is founded; it is on a regard for the honest and safe working of Constitutional Government, which is a matter of moment to every one in the Kingdom. It is funny to hear a demagogue who has assisted at the forcing of the Park gates quote a statute passed during the reign of CHARLES II., in order to prove a right of audience with the Sovereign. If he and his followers resolved to be guided by the analogies of that age, they would use their best energies to give the Sovereign greater and more absolute powers than any English King has possessed since the death of WILLIAM III. CHARLES II. and WILLIAM III. were not only the Kings of England, but virtually the Prime Ministers of the Kingdom. Despite the resistance of the Commons, CHARLES II. contrived to keep the policy and the administration of the country in his own hands. Despite the resistance of the Commons, and the indifference or hostility of the mass of the people, WILLIAM III. contrived to maintain a defined policy and a recognised position for England. In both these reigns, the personal ability, will, and bias of the KING had a paramount effect in controlling the conduct of public affairs. In either of these reigns, it would have been less strange, and far less impertinent, for a body of operatives to present themselves before the KING and complain of his Ministers or his other official servants, than it is now.

The curious part of the whole business is that, in ignoring the QUEEN'S Ministers, and preferring to address the QUEEN herself, they are ignoring a provision which was designed on behalf of the subject, and in the cause of freedom. The QUEEN'S Ministers are no longer the objects of personal predilection or capricious choice. They are, practically, the Ministers selected by Parliament. The Crown has no alternative but to appoint to office those whom Parliament pronounces to possess the confidence of the country. In asking the QUEEN to dismiss her Ministers, and substitute others in their place, this foreign delegate asks HER MAJESTY to disregard the voice of Parliament, and the voice of the country as expressed through Parliament, and to listen to the voices of rioters who helped to break down the Park railings and escaped being convicted before a magistrate. Now, on the supposition that this is a *bonâ fide* intention, and not merely professed with a view to give notoriety to an obscure adventurer, the most obvious remark is that it is unconstitutional—unconstitutional in the direction of downright tyranny. If that which the orator of the Marble Arch calls “*etiquette*” did not deprive the QUEEN of all independent action in such matters, and make her Ministers responsible for her official acts, then not only a dozen operatives, but a dozen Jesuits or monopolists, or a dozen of any other kind of persons more or less objectionable, might use the right of petition to influence the QUEEN'S mind in any direction they wanted. This might or might not be advantageous to the members of the Reform League, but it certainly would not be advantageous to the people at large, inasmuch as it would substitute the will of one person for the deliberate opinion of some hundreds whom the constitution of the country has designated to be the exponents of its opinions. Doubtless the gentlemen who lead the League would reply that they cannot recognise the “*etiquette*” which rests on the supposition that Parliament does express the opinions of the country. This is unfortunate for Parliament. Still the supremacy of Parliament remains a fact. Nor is it quite easy to comprehend the

consistency of those persons who, while they are clamouring for an extension of the electoral suffrage, profess to ignore the powers and privileges of the Parliament which is based on that suffrage. It is as useless to inquire how men professing to desire the power of electing members of Parliament can ignore the necessary consequences of Parliamentary Government, as it is to attempt to reconcile their appreciation of “*constitutional and Christian*” principles with the ruffianlike defiance of law which signalized the eventful Monday in July. The speculation would be more tedious than profitable. But the facts are not without their value. We have here only one additional instance of that which all history so frequently illustrates—the tumultuous intolerance with which the forms and checks of a mixed government are regarded by revolutionary reformers. The rapid decision of an impatient mob, or the irreversible decree of a despotic chief, is, in their eyes, preferable to the slow and halting process which is made necessary by a system of constitutional balances and modifications. A CHOMWELL bullying a House of Commons and muleting his political enemies, or a Convention decreeing confiscation, is more to their taste than the fogysm of a Minister who desires to bring the whole machinery of a constitutional monarchy into working trim. The one thing which pleased the Northern politicians of the American Union during the recent civil war, almost as much as any of the victories which their armies gained, was the despotic power which the war placed in the hands of the PRESIDENT. It is doubtless a sympathy with power, and a delight in seeing its exercise, which have enabled PARSON BROWNLOW to ride roughshod over the opinions and privileges of the Legislature of Tennessee. And, though the public sentiment of the Northern States may be at present too antagonistic to the policy of the PRESIDENT to admit of their giving support to any high-handed measures to which he may commit himself, it is not unlikely that some of his not remote successors may find that an assertion of powers unauthorized by the Constitution will have some attractions for the citizens of the Republic. Possibly we, too, might live to see an unscrupulous energy communicated to the policy and administration of the country, if the power and passion of numbers were substituted for the calmness and deliberation ensured by the influence of property and education.

We are perhaps giving undue importance to this absurd correspondence. It may be, as we have suggested, only a device to lift an obscure man into temporary notoriety. If so, the only expression that is called for is one of commiseration for SIR THOMAS BIDDULPH, whose life will become a burden to him if he has to read and answer the letters of all the QUEEN'S self-constituted correspondents. Perhaps some loyal and Liberal M.P. may think of some fitting preventive against a growing evil. People who wantonly fire at the QUEEN are punished by the same castigation that is inflicted on mischievous little boys. Would this be too harsh a punishment to extend to those who, not being able to plead the innocence or the ardour of youth in their defence, pelt the SOVEREIGN with letters displaying an obstinacy and an impertinence which, even in very young boys, no amount of ignorance could shield from the merited discipline of the flogging-block?

THE THAMES NAVIGATION BILL.

THAT the Thames had the honour of being introduced into the QUEEN'S Speech was but a compliment due to the royal river of England. There are, however, cynics who suspect that, not having much to congratulate Parliament upon in the way of successful legislation, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers thought an Act dealing with so promising a subject rather a Godsend. Any peg on which to hang a paragraph was a blessing. But the Act is really an important one, and it illustrates in a very odd way our strange practices in legislation. It is about the most unsystematic and unbusinesslike statute that ever figured in our chaotic code. The whole thing began with one object and has ended with another. This is just what we pride ourselves upon. It has been said that all our theology has been written from hand to mouth—forced from our great writers, as it were, by accident. HOOKER ended in constructing something like a monumental book, but he began by a peddling dispute with his colleague CARTWRIGHT, or in a criticism on what we should call a pamphlet. So it is with half our Statute Law. We are driven by some accidental clamour or blunder into legislation, which is extemporized for a temporary emergency. But then, when our hand is in, and the tinkers are at work, we think

that we may as well get all we can into our new law. So we insert clauses about anything else which by the most remote affinity can be connected with the Bill and subject in hand. Hence the inconsistent look of our law, and, what is much worse, the complicated and unintelligible character of our statutes. They are complicated because they come into being in the most unscientific way. Twenty senators interested in the matter sit in Committee on a Bill, and each, without the slightest plan or design, contributes his little clause hit off at the instant; but how it fits the occasion, or with how many other enactments it interferes, nobody knows, and, from sheer weariness, few care to know. Some enterprising senator, who has a job to serve, a crotchet to support, or perhaps some really useful object which happens to have only the most fanciful connection with the matter before Parliament, gets up and begins to move clauses utterly unknown or unthought of by the draftsman of the Bill. Clause begets clause, and one interpolated object leads to another, till at last a Bill for the regulation of Highland Forests may end in an Act containing, among other things, provisions relating to London cabs. The Thames Navigation Bill was originated by the inconveniences arising from the failure of the tolls consequent upon the superior attractions to traffic of the railways. The failing income of the Thames led to the bankruptcy of the managers of the Thames, and to the breakdown of the locks and weirs. These facts suggested to those specially and locally interested in the matter whether the jurisdiction and constitution of the Thames Commissioners might not be improved. This was all that was at first intended. To place the whole navigation of the river under one government, to provide an income to meet, if possible, the current expenses of keeping the navigation open, and to regulate the tolls on such a scale as that the barge traffic should compete with the railway, were the modest and simple objects of the Thames reformers. But there was an opportunity for other objects. The Thames is the Thames. The Thames is not only a navigable river, but a potable river. It is of consequence to make the Thames water run, and it is also of consequence to make the Thames water run clear and bright and wholesome. So in one Act are comprised not only special regulations for "vesting in the Conservators of the Thames the conservancy of the river from Staines to Cricklade," but certain principles of law are announced as to rights and wrongs connected not merely with the navigation of one river, but with every yard of property on or through which water can flow from one end of Great Britain to the other. At present these principles are applied only in the instance of this single river Thames, and its affluents. But they must be carried further. It is absurd to suppose that, having begun with the Thames, we should end with it; or that restrictions imposed upon papermakers at Reading or Maidenhead should not be enforced on the Spey or the Medway.

As to the Act as it has left the Parliamentary smithy, a few words may not be out of place; though most of the local provisions we discussed in the chrysalis stage of the Bill. The river jurisdiction is, on the whole, sufficiently reformed, though it will probably be found that, in the new constitution, the country members of the Conservancy—five in number, and representing the whole river from Staines to Cricklade—are overweighted by the eighteen members of the old Board, whose jurisdiction was over the City water from Staines to the Nore. Of these five new Conservators, one is to be appointed by the Board of Trade. The other four are to be elected, and by a vast constituency possessing the old and cumbrous qualifications of the displaced Thames Commissioners. Who was disqualified for being a Thames Commissioner was the question under the old government; and certainly manhood suffrage in the counties of Wilts, Gloucester, Oxford, Berks, and Bucks seems very nearly carried out in the constituencies for the election of the four rural Tribunes of the Thames. There is as much fuss about registration, and lists of electors, and votes by person and by proxy, as though the office of inquiring into the state of a tumbledown lock or the duty of looking into a dirty drain were as likely to be sought as the dignity of a seat in St. Stephen's. Twenty-four clauses of solid rigmarole are spent by the Act on this momentous point of the election of the four Conservators; and for the most part the old powers, ill-defined and vague enough, of the old Commissioners, are left untouched. At the forty-third section the new legislation commences. The locks, dams, and weirs on the Thames are to be transferred to the Conservators, and all rights and estates, real or pretended, in any locks and weirs are to be suppressed, provided the Conservators and the owners can agree

on terms, or can agree to leave things as they stand—which is a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion. The old semi-feudal exactions of extinct mill-owners are suppressed, it is true; but a more summary mode of dealing with the proprietors of the weirs and dams—that is, with the adjuncts of mill property—should have been adopted. The control of these things should be uniform, if the management of the navigation is to be uniform. The one great cause of the defects in the flow of the water—that is, in the economical management of the stream volume of the Thames—and consequently of much of the expense, delay, and difficulties of the navigation, arises from the conflicting interests of separate proprietors. These ought, one and all, to be bought up by the Commissioners.

But, as we have said, these—and they are the original purposes contemplated by the Bill as first drawn—are inferior in importance to the provisions of the Act for preventing the pollution of the Thames. It is a serious matter indeed for London water-drinkers if a single taint of cholera introduced into the Isis at Oxford may poison the stream at Kingston; especially considering that such considerable populations as those of Abingdon, Wallingford, Reading, Henley, Marlow, Maidenhead, and Windsor, drain, or might drain, into the Thames above Staines, from which point to London there is almost a continuous town to London. The provisions with reference to this subject, extemporized most of them under the influence of panic, betray the opposite faults of timidity and tyranny; and in such a hurry were the legislators to do something, that the Act is more chaotic in form than usual, and the provisions for enforcing a single object are to be found scattered up and down its pages in admirable disorder. First, the Commissioners are to see that the "surface of the Thames is to be effectually scavenged, in order to the removal of therefrom of substances liable to putrefaction." Does this compel, as it was intended to do, the Commissioners to pick up dead dogs and kittens which are already putrefied? But the substance as well as the surface of the Thames is to be "effectually scavenged"; and if the provisions of the Act are carried out, the pollution of the Thames will be a thing of the past. But we own to our suspicions and apprehensions. We have little faith in sanitary regulations. We have a Smoke Consuming Act, and Nuisances Preventing Acts by the score, and Health of Towns Acts, and innumerable beautiful Acts the only fault of which is that they are never put into force. There are machines so good and beautiful that they will do anything but work. But the Thames Act, like the last Sanitary Act, promises much. Henceforth no sewer, drain, pipe, or channel is to be opened into the Thames, and no sewage whatever to pass into the Thames, or into any affluent of the Thames, where not already so disposed of at the passing of the Act. And, as to existing sewage, such sewage is to be discontinued after notice from the Conservators, varying from not less than twelve months to more than three years. But in the case of paper-mill owners no notice is to be given till six months after the passing of the Act. That is to say, the towns and individual owners must have twelve months, and paper-millers eighteen months—and they may have respectively three years and three years and a half—before they make their election between the doom threatened by RABSHAKEH on Jerusalem and reforming their dirty ways. We must say that this license to continue a nuisance might have been most reasonably abridged. Six weeks would be time enough for every private house to reform its sewage, though we suppose an exception, in the nature of a Royal *privilegium*, would be made in favour of Windsor Castle, the very foulest offender against the purity and decency of Father Thames throughout his whole course; and surely two years would be time enough for the paper-makers to decide what to do with the refuse of their poisonous acids and fish-destroying decoctions. The penalties are severe enough and the enactments stringent enough against river pollution; but it remains to be seen whether the Act will be carried out. We have our doubts. The right to prosecute is reserved to the Conservators only; and without an informer, and even the encouragement of informers, all Nuisances Acts fail. We regret that the present opportunity was not taken for giving the Conservators definite powers to deal with, and to suppress if necessary, many of the rights or alleged rights to "several" and private fisheries by nets and bucks on the Thames, not a few of which it would be very difficult to prove or even to trace, and which have a tendency to multiply.

HERO-WORSHIP.

ALL children, almost all young women, and a great many young men, are hero-worshippers; but there are few hero-worshippers who are old men, while the exact age at which hero-worship disappears out of the category of human foibles cannot be laid down with precision. Probably hero-worship must rank among the other victims of the great iconoclast, Middle Age. About the same time that the digestion gives way, many romantic tendencies take wing, and this possibly among the number. A few Colonel Newcomes remain idolators to the very end; here and there is to be seen an occasional Uncle Toby; one or two grey-haired old gentlemen still adore the name of some living Duke of Wellington; and, in the same way, even old ladies sometimes preserve a hero embalmed in recollection, without being interrupted in their devotion to his memory by a sharp sense of his defects. But heroes, as a rule, belong to the age of delightful irreflection. Mr. Thackeray used to portray with wonderful subtlety the glow and vitality of hero-worship in hot unthinking youth, its decline in the cynic or the epicurean of middle life, and its extinction in the lean and slippered pantaloon. The moral he taught was usually this, that we ought to worship heroes betimes, or we shall never worship them at all. And this is true enough. All castles in the air are pretty sure to be blown up at last, and Bayards, Galahads, and Lancelots in profusion will one day be buried hopelessly under the ruins.

Two opposite processes seem always in operation with respect to heroes. The human imagination is continually creating them, and, as fast as imagination turns them out, experience works away upon the counter-occupation of destroying them. By far the greater part of the literature of any particular time is devoted almost exclusively to the manufacture. Each votary worships in his own peculiar way, but the *cultus* is common to all. Every now and then we praise a poet for the nobility of conception he has displayed in the painting of some one or other of his characters. This only means that he has been at work making heroes upon paper, just as a boy makes his paper boats, only that paper heroes have a real influence upon the world, and that we happen to approve of the specimen of hero which the writer puts up for our approbation. Novelists, again, are only heroes-makers who compose in prose, instead of metre and rhyme, and most fictions that are destined to be permanent contain some pattern of humanity upon whose delineation the author has expended all his energy and power. And if we did not know what history contributes to the gallery of manufactured heroes, Mr. Carlyle would have written in vain. History is, in her very essence, as persistent and designing a manufacturer as either poetry or romance. One purpose that history serves may be perhaps to furnish us with a sort of broken and untrustworthy mirror of the future, which never represents or repeats the past, but which often bears just enough resemblance to the past to make the records of the past practically useful for our guidance. But this is by no means all that history does, or is made to do by ingenious and able moralists. They make, and intentionally make, heroes out of real men and women by throwing out the characters they write of into bold relief. What often prevents people from being heroes to us in actual life is some little personal foible or habit which irritates us when they are with us, and causes us to dislike their company, and eventually to look on their virtues or attainments with a disparaging eye. For a long time we have been, perhaps, in the habit of thinking with profound admiration of some famous man. At last the time arrives when we are introduced to him, and we observe with horror and dissatisfaction that he snuffles while he talks, or that he takes snuff, or that his temper is deplorable, or that he makes a sad hash over his aspirates. We grow tired of sitting in the room with him, and whenever we call up his image again in our minds, the act of memory is attended with disagreeable associations. Young ladies of an impressive and sentimental turn are subject to a good many such terrible calamities. They discover that the poet of whom they have always been so full does not brush his hair, or is overbearing and snappish to his wife; and though they are too chivalrous in their friendships to allow the outer world to see their disappointment, and resolutely maintain in public to the last that it can be of no real consequence whether a hero brushes his hair or not, and that it must be the hero's wife who is in the wrong, the sad experience does nevertheless leave a secret bitterness behind it in their hearts. A fat and unkempt hero cannot ever again be the same as that grand and stately and intellectual-looking creature which their fancy once painted. The vast advantage which history has in this respect is that historical heroes seldom aggravate us. Whether or not Mr. Cobden dropped his aspirates is a matter which posterity will consider perfectly unimportant. Nobody now dislikes the great Napoleon any more for taking snuff. Wordsworth went about dressed like a farmer of the Westmoreland lakes, and Dr. Johnson ate voraciously and never tied his shoes; but Dr. Johnson's preterhuman greediness and Mr. Wordsworth's dress vex none of their respective admirers. When one is too close to men and women, and is living constantly with them, it is difficult, if not impossible, not to fix one's attention from day to day on peccadilloes or peculiarities which bear no genuine proportion to the great outline or sum total, or clear purpose of their lives. The proverb that no man is a hero to his valet is merely a rough and vulgar way of expressing this indisputable truth; for it is not merely a valet who is incapable of summing up and grasping as a whole the qualities of

his master. Characters, like mountains, only become intelligible, or indeed visible, when they recede a little into the distance; and the daily life of all heroes must of necessity be overlaid with trivialities that prevent near spectators from understanding the vigorous completeness of the heroes as a whole. History, literature, and fiction are thus for ever doing one thing, while the sensitive experience of every day inclines to do the contrary. The latter brings us into awkward proximity to the crust and the flaws of the statue, which, when placed a little further off, will attract admiration up to the full of its deserts.

The use of imagination, in constructing heroes for us to worship while we are young and inexperienced, is on a par with many similar benefits conferred upon us by the same mental faculty or power. The process of idealizing is a common one even as far back as childhood, and very early in life we begin to idealize both men and things. Nature seems, to speak popularly, to have her own object in bestowing this capacity upon the young. The things that are most advantageous both for our physical and moral growth would never be done at all if we were not in a sort of way deceived and cheated into doing them. If boys did not regard hoops and balls and marbles as so many splendid and invaluable treasures, they would never gain health in the chase of them; and if a prize at school or college were seen in the light in which such distinctions appear to people of maturer age, knowledge would scarcely of itself have sufficient charms to entice the volatile young philosopher into the pursuit of it. And, in the same manner, it may be said that, but for hero-worship, the world would be a poor place, and few great actions would be attempted, and few noble characters would be gradually formed. It has been remarked with truth how many illustrious actors on the world's stage have been fond of Plutarch's Lives, nor can it be doubted for a moment that the narrative of one great man has a tendency to make another. Anybody who has had anything to say to education must be aware of the magical influence, in all training and discipline, of such histories. A hero, as drawn in literature, is generally a picture of one or two considerable virtues, such as bravery, generosity, or patience, underneath which the name of some real human being is written. Each of the gods of ancient Rome and Greece may be taken to stand as a representative and type of some particular quality; and the heroes and heroines of ancient and modern history are only the ancient gods and goddesses over again, dressed in later fashions to suit the exigencies of the time, and to make it easier for us to believe in their existence. Aristides is fully as much justice as Diana with her crescent moon was purity. Mary Queen of Scots and Marie-Antoinette are beauty in distress, as Venus wounded by the spear of Diomedes was two thousand years before. Julius Caesar and Mars are only different ways of embodying the ideas of victory and audacity and war; and whether we call amorous Majesty Henry VIII. with Mr. Froude, or Jupiter with Homer and with Lemprière's Dictionary, the effect produced upon the juvenile imagination is identical. The jealous and powerful and acrimonious Juno fulfils the same part as Queen Elizabeth for purposes of education, and Minerva with her owl does not stand more completely for wisdom than Sir Walter Raleigh does for magnanimity, and Christopher Columbus for adventure. No boy who is worth his salt fails to class Robinson Crusoe, landing in the middle of the surf upon his desert island, with Ulysses placed by Homeric tempests in a similar condition, or to think of the Cyropedia in connection or contrast with the veracious history of Tom Brown. The task which history, fiction, and poetry accomplish is accordingly similar in each case, and this task or mission is a meritorious one. They all place the various virtues that are within the reach of human attainment in a personal and interesting light. Each of them has its special age or sex to whose necessities it is more peculiarly suited. When we cease to believe in the reality of Homeric heroes and heroines, History steps in with a dish accommodated to the exact stage of our credulity, and gives us Cromwells and Charlemagnes to live and thrive upon. And lest dull and prosaic experience should make us incredulous of historic virtue, Fiction is always at hand with an endless bill of fare suited to the most fanciful and fastidious appetite. Thanks to its wise frauds, young women believe in the unalterable constancy of the passions till long after they have arrived at a marriageable age; and men who are never honest or unselfish themselves, and who are sceptical as to the honesty or unselfishness of their friends and acquaintances, and do not hesitate to act upon their scepticism whenever action is necessary, are gently induced by Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Trollope, to continue in the vague belief that honesty and unselfishness must exist somewhere, when they read about them so constantly upon paper.

The full proof of the value of this idealizing, or hero-worship, while it lasts, is to be found in the unquestionable fact that when the power of worshipping heroes leaves us, the character soon ceases to improve. Unhappily this is a tolerably palpable phenomenon, and no extensive familiarity with human nature is required to bring it to our notice. Some men, perhaps, have a power of going on from better to better till they die, and of developing fresh good points every year, as a tree every autumn produces its annual growth of fresh fruit. The good points so developed are commonly those which result from an enlarged acquaintance with life. Perhaps they have seen many men and many men's opinions, or, as Burke said of himself, they have read the book of life a great deal and other books a little. This helps them to be tolerant of the thoughts, or even of the vanities and vices, of others into collision or contact with whom they are thrown. They do not feel so angry as they once did with Mr. Bright, or so fierce against M.

Comte, or so incapable of admitting the bright side of the theologians or politicians or philosophers with whom they disagree. Their temper and disposition has mellowed as their intellectual store has been increased. But this kind of improvement is an offshoot of their general mental growth, not so much the result of their morality. It is far more rare to find an increase in the virtues which produce great deeds—virtues which for the most part are the consequence of the cultivation of generous and disinterested sentiment. If a man is not courageous or unselfish or magnanimous at forty, he is not likely to be so at sixty or at seventy. As soon as he has destroyed all his idols of both sexes, his growth in these directions stops short, and when he burns no more incense to any hero or heroine, his capacity for becoming a hero himself deserts him. Hero-worship, therefore, confined within reasonable limits, is the salt of life, and though it may be an inevitable law that sooner or later we find out the hollowness, not merely of our dreams, but of our idols, the approach of the inexorable hour when we shall do so is the approach, for most of us, of a period of moral stagnation, if not of moral decline.

TRIANGULAR FRIENDSHIPS.

TO carry on year after year, in anything like a successful and satisfactory manner, even a single friendship, is a work requiring a good deal of care and patience. The difficulty increases in a rapid proportion with every additional friendship. Merely to hold the balance even in one's own mind—to be just in one's judgments of a number of people to whom one is bound by the most various ties of affection and natural affinity, to be constant without prejudice, and accessible without insincerity—is no easy task. But when two or more of one's friends are also each other's friends or acquaintance, a whole new set of difficulties arises. Triangular friendships have their own special charms, not to be enjoyed without encountering special dangers. Somebody has remarked that, when any one of a circle of friends dies, the survivors lose not only the one who is gone, but his share in all the others. Each individual may be considered as an instrument from which no two performers bring out quite the same tone. Those whose perceptions are sufficiently cultivated to recognise the various harmonies of which the same human instrument is capable under different kinds of handling will be familiar with this corollary to the principal loss in such cases. They will know what it is to miss in some surviving friend the moods, the looks, and tones of voice which they themselves have never had the power to elicit, but which have perhaps become doubly dear to them for the sake of the one whose presence used to call them forth. Indeed, the delights of common friendships are too obvious to need description. Every one who cares much about friendships at all must enter into the happiness of seeing two of his friends appreciating and being helpful to each other. But the special dangers attending these triangular or polygonal friendships are less generally recognised; and it is not always easy to decide how they should be met.

The earliest and not the least perplexing is that which arises when, two of A's friends being about to make acquaintance, B questions A about C. Occasionally A may also be called upon to satisfy C's curiosity about B; but this double inquisition is a rare piece of ill-luck, and as, even in that case, the principle is the same, we need not entertain so painful an hypothesis. Suppose, then, simply that A has to prepare B's mind for his introduction to C. Should A, on the general principle of avoiding evil-speaking, or from a generous impulse of good-will towards C, say nothing but good of him? The dangers in that case are that B may be disappointed, may consequently like C the less, and may for ever after have a lower opinion of A's discrimination. On the other hand, it is possible that B may take A's cue, and things may be made pleasant all round by this little preliminary oiling of the wheels of friendship. Some of the learned are of opinion that the risk of producing disappointment and consequent reaction is so great that A should make it a rule to abstain from any praise of C, and should even, if he be anxious to do C a good turn, speak a little against him to B. The dangers, however, of this course are so great that A ought to have the skill of an artist and the self-devotion of a hero before he ventures on it. We will not deny that under those conditions good results may be achieved; but to choose the exact kind and degree of disparagement which will produce a favourable reaction in B's mind in favour of C, is a task to which very few are equal. And there is this great objection to such homeopathic treatment, that, unless the dose administered be really infinitesimal, it may succeed so well as to cost A some of B's regard for him, possibly even C's also. On the whole, we think that in nineteen cases out of twenty A's wisdom will lie in speaking nothing but good of C. The twentieth case will generally be that in which C's faults are either so obvious and so much on the surface that to prepare B for them can but save him a shock, and prevent his taking a discoverer's pleasure in magnifying them, or else of a kind of which, being forewarned, he may steer clear altogether. Such, for instance, are an exacting disposition with regard to small attentions, a want of discretion in repeating things, or irritability on some particular sore point.

But, however carefully and successfully one may have guarded against these dangers, there always remains the risk of disappointment to oneself. It is scarcely possible not to look forward with

some pleasure to the admiration and interest one's friends are to feel for each other, or to be quite indifferent when they fail to excite it. Nobody quite likes that even a favourite picture or landscape should fall flat upon beholders who were expected to be delighted with it; how much worse it is to be met with faint praise or unfavourable criticism when one has contrived a meeting which ought to have made two people happy. And yet this happens continually, for it seems really impossible to predict who will like whom. It should always be remembered that every human being is an unknown quantity, so that the result of each fresh combination would be incalculable even were it a case of simple addition. But the fact is that characters combine in a manner which is much more like chemical than mechanical combination. Nobody really knows another well enough to predict exactly the way in which he would be affected by any given character; and when it is taken into account that, from the moment of meeting, that other character begins to be modified by his, the problem becomes too intricate for the human understanding. Shrewd guesses may of course be made, but they should never be taken for anything more than guesses. This would at least tend to prevent disappointment. But there are some other curious consequences of this chemical action of characters upon each other. People of very quick sympathies often vary so much in combination with different natures, that to be in the presence at the same time of two who influence them in opposite ways will give them a painful sense of constraint. And this may be the case where there is no insincerity (though insincere persons are, of course, especially liable to be tempted to it), simply from the difficulty of bringing the mind into tune with two very different natures at once; and one of the advantages of triangular friendships is that they afford a subtle test of sincerity. It needs considerable single-mindedness of mind and purpose to live in intimate relations with several people, who are also intimate with each other, so as to be entirely secure from any inharmonious revelations. For it is not only impossible to calculate how people will affect each other, but it is equally so to foretell what will transpire amongst friends. Things repeated to an intimate friend of the person quoted may convey much more than is even understood, much less intended, by the person quoting them. Secrets may even be revealed by those who do not know them, by the accidental mention of some saying or circumstance to others who have the clue to its meaning. And it is curious how impossible it is for two persons, being in possession of the same secret, to conceal that fact from each other. A look, a tone of voice, even silence, may destroy the isolation in a moment. In short, if it is "a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive," it may be said that the web with which we have to do in belonging to a circle of intimate friends is so intricate that we cannot afford to tangle it, and can only avoid doing so by entire sincerity and single-mindedness.

Sincerity, however, is only in the nature of defensive armour, and not enough even of that. To steer successfully through all the intricacies of the situation, much judgment and delicacy are needed; and there is room for many good offices of a positive kind. One of the most important instruments for rendering such services in skilful hands, is the repetition in the proper quarter, and at the right time, of things which should be conveyed, but which cannot be directly said by the first speaker, to those whom they concern. When one considers how much may be cleared up, how many useful hints suggested, and how much pleasure may be given in this way, one scarcely feels that any one who does not make a practice of forwarding these waifs and strays to their destination can be acquitted of culpable negligence. But it must be done very prudently; it is emphatically one of the cases in which "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Some persons have a great power, which may easily become a snare to them, of seeing people through the eyes of others. This power is valuable very much in proportion to the degree in which it is voluntary, and consciously exercised. If through sympathy with a friend I am able, in addition to my own observation of some one else, to see that third person from my friend's point of view, I manifestly gain a fuller apprehension of his character than I could by myself. It is a sort of binocular arrangement, the result of which is to my unassisted judgment what the stereoscope is to the ordinary photograph, and it is only fair to my friend to note and remember the different appearance of the character in question as seen from his point of view. But the moment I begin to be unconsciously influenced by my friend's judgment, I confound instead of combining the two images, and am liable to be carried away blindfold to a height of admiration from which, when left to my own resources, I may drop into a dismal swamp of disgust; or, on the other hand, I may be cheated out of what would have been meat to me merely because it happens to be poison to my friend. In this second case, however, it must be owned that to be quite independent may cost one something. It is probably not pleasant to eat pork among Jews, nor is it altogether agreeable to associate in a friendly manner with the most estimable persons, in presence of those who condemn and dislike them.

Few things are more trying than to be mixed up in a quarrel, or even a misunderstanding, between two people for whom one has much regard. If one side is clearly right, one must either give up the other friend, or at least lose some of one's good opinion of him. If they are, as the landlord of the public-house in *Silas Marner* habitually considered his customers, "both right and both wrong," one is in a cleft stick between them, and has to suffer for both. To be in such a cleft stick is certainly a very instructive, though very unpleasant, experience. It teaches one, perhaps

more effectually than anything else can, the natural history of misunderstandings, how different the two sides of the shield look, and how impossible it is to explain in words a difference of aspect which has shifted the meaning of the words themselves. The better one understands the point of view of each party, the more clearly one sees the impossibility of their understanding each other. Indeed a few such lessons are enough to make a very cautious or sensitive person with many friends (and such a combination is not impossible) long for some such charm as that which Vivien coaxed Merlin into giving her:—

The which, if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower
From which was no escape for evermore,
And none could find that man for evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm
Coming and going; and he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

But if one cares to promote one's friends' happiness, one would not willingly, even for a quiet life, throw away the many opportunities which, as the apex of a triangle, one possesses of bringing them into closer and more harmonious relations with each other. It is wonderful how much may be done in this way by an affectionate and clear-sighted friend who has the will and the leisure to watch for opportunities of interpreting people to each other, of removing accidental causes of misunderstanding, and of infusing fresh life and warmth into their relations by the contagion of a hearty appreciation. Those who are duly qualified for such offices are not likely to think the risk of appearing to meddle, or the certainty of a good deal of annoyance and disappointment, too great a price to pay for a reasonable degree of success.

RURAL DELIGHTS.

AT this time of the year, everybody with the slightest love of nature persuades himself that, if he were master of circumstances, he would never live anywhere but in the country. And a great many people amuse themselves by trying to think seriously that they are going to take a place in the country, and by picturing to themselves all its perfections and delights. They have exquisite visions of croquet-lawns, and delicious borders of flowers, and of the poetic cow and homely pig in the background. They think how glorious it must be to feel the scents of the garden, and to hear the singing of the birds through one's bedroom window on getting up in the morning, and to watch the moon rise over the pine-tops as one goes to bed at night. The stuffiness and frowns of town-houses in the summer, and that amazing compound smell of paving-stones and horse-dung which fills the London streets so mysteriously, naturally inspire these beatific thoughts. The house-agent with a Tennysonian genius for word-painting counts his victims by hundreds. The great secret that when he talks of a house in the midst of fields, he commonly means brickfields, is only discovered by degrees, and it is not until we have wasted many days, and spent a great many pounds in railway fares and the hire of rural chaises to take us across country, that we realize what painful differences of opinion there may be among people as to what constitutes a desirable residence. After all, the house-agent is himself a little victimized. There are wandering Christians on a larger scale than those who pretended that they were going to take Mrs. Lirriper's lodgings. The intention of living in the country is, with nine out of the ten people who entertain it, a sheer delusion. They are quite honest, and have fully convinced themselves that they can only lead the ideal life among the green fields and the little birds and the vegetables. Still at bottom there is a lurking fear that after all they might find the country somewhat less of a paradise than they love to think it. And they are perfectly right, for nature, with her usual fondness for compensation, has put some rather heavy drawbacks into the scale against the delights of the fields. For example, the country is a very trying place for ladies. One of the chief delights of living in the country, to people accustomed to towns, is its splendid roominess. You have a large flower-garden, and a large kitchen-garden, and airy meadows, and unnumbered out-houses and offices which, though of no particular use to speak of, fill the mind with a sense of spaciousness and overflowing accommodation. Then there are big woods at the back of the house, and breezy downs in front, and you are at least half a dozen miles from the nearest country town. All this gives one a noble feeling of freedom and expansiveness, and a notion that you are leading the life according to nature, which is quite true; only married ladies and grown-up daughters are not always clear, after a little experience, that the life according to nature is the pleasantest sort of life. For this admirable roominess implies that you are without neighbours, and women without neighbours are generally creatures of stunted lives. Neighbours are to them what his club and his profession and his newspaper are to one of the so-called sterner sex. It is all very well for the gentleman who is writing a great and immortal book, or for one who goes up to business every morning and comes down again at night, and who in truth has Sunday only to spend in his Paradise. But ordinary ladies do not write great books, and they have nothing to do all the solid day except a little gardening and novel-reading and piano-playing, and perhaps occasionally writing letters to friends in town containing ecstatic accounts of the delights of the country. The visits of some adjoining curate

with a pony may make pleasant oases, but not even the whole of a young lady's mind can be absorbed every day in wondering all the forenoon whether the curate will come over in the afternoon. He must be a very wonderful curate indeed if this does not become rather monotonous after a certain time. In all the nonsense that lovers talk, there is nothing so common or so nonsensical as the resolution that when they are married they will live in some charming nest far remote from the busy haunts of men. The truth is that a young married woman is just the last person in the world who ought to be left neighbourless. Accustomed all her life to the pleasant talk of her mother, and the stimulating disputatiousness of her younger sisters, she is utterly lonely as soon as her lord gets back again into his groove of work which he has temporarily left for the purposes of the honeymoon. The charming nest becomes a very palace of boredom and weariness, and she may even find herself committing the monstrous crime of half-wishing herself at home again among the polite wranglings of her unmarried sisters, who at all events kept her from being dull. It is very charming to think of the moon rising over the pine-tops, but the moon does not rise over the pine-tops in the daytime; and the scent of flowers, however delicious in itself, does not count for friends and companions. Even breezy downs and woods will not make up for lack of human voices. It is not everybody who has such a passion for nature as to be able to make friends with a great black down, or a forest of pine-trees, or a clump of high-standing beeches. There are people who can strike up companionships of this sort with every inanimate object, from the wide sea down to the daisy nodding its head in the sun, but such people are not very numerous. To be able to feel this friendship for objects that make no articulate response is exclusively the mark of the poetic nature, and young ladies, though ready to compose any number of the sweetest verses, are at bottom thoroughly prosaic.

Men, like women, do not always find life in the country so perfectly blissful as they supposed. The gardener is a sore tribulation, and an irremovable thorn in the flesh. The graceful contempt with which he treats any suggestion you may be bold enough to make about your own wishes respecting your own garden, the compassionate smile with which he listens to any notion you may have got from a horticultural treatise, the rapidity with which he demolishes any disposition on the part of his employer to give himself any little airs—in short, all the characteristics of a superior person, help to make the garden less a delight than a place of torment. He handles your humblest remark in a way which proves to you what a very silly and ignorant person you must be; and with this pleasant conviction about yourself you retreat, humiliated and crestfallen, into your library, or else feel constrained to rush off to town, where the contempt of the master whom you employ follows you, and makes you feel foolish and uncomfortable half the day. The only plan for getting any peace and comfort out of your garden is to surrender it gracefully and without contention. If he is never interfered with, never advised nor requested nor questioned about things, the gardener may prove a very affable man, occasionally descending from his pedestal to let you know what he is going to do with this or that in a really gracious and patronizing manner, which makes you feel as pleased and honoured as a schoolboy does when his master speaks to him on general subjects in the peculiar pedagogic fashion. Then, just as the gardener is so very much too good, the other men in the place are very much too bad. The village joiner, the plumber, the plasterer, the man who has a vague and altogether fictitious reputation for "doing things" about the house and the stables—these exasperate you as much by their vices as the gentleman in the hothouse by his abominable virtue. One of the greatest charms about a country-house is that there is always something which wants doing. The master of the house is kept in a steady-flowing stream of excitement about little repairs. Pipes, cisterns, tanks, drains, flues, furnish a never-ending pretext for invasions of torpid masons and plumbers. As soon as the smoke has been persuaded to go peaceably up the chimney, the water refuses to flow into the tank, or else it refuses to flow out of the tank except by taking the newly-papered drawing-room wall *en route*. When the mason is sent for, you learn that, like Balbus in the exercise-book, he is building a house with his own hand, six miles off; or else, like Balbus's friend Caius, he has gone to the city for the sake of buying. Then you have moles in your meadow, and rats in your hay-stack, and you have the pleasure of seeing the little mounds in the one and the little holes in the other go on rapidly increasing for days and days until it suits the good pleasure of the man who "does things" to bring his mole-traps and his ferrets. Then, again, bills are a great trouble, not from their amount, but from their impenetrable intricacy. Why should one find put all in one line a man's labour for a day and a quarter, four pounds of green paint, and three feet of half-inch board, in all amounting to seven shillings and eightpence? How is a plain man to disentangle a statement of this sort, so as to know how much he pays for green paint, how much for the half-inch board, and how much for the day and quarter of the man—whom, by the way, he only remembers to have seen at work for a couple of hours one afternoon? Of course it is impossible, and all payments of this sort must be made simply on the strength of faith. This is evidently a very unpleasant principle for people with a financial mind. Still the plain man may console himself that at least he gets all his vegetables for nothing. But it is ten to one that he will one day unexpectantly make this vaunt to some

cold-hearted political economist from London, who will ruthlessly prove to him that each stick of asparagus costs him on an average about eightpence, each cucumber several shillings, and so on in proportion down to the humblest vegetable that grows. Cicero says that many very remarkable philosophers were so unable to endure the manners either of the people or its leaders, that they went to live in the country, *delectati re sua familiari*. In our time, as it happens, the very remarkable philosopher is an aider and abettor of the *mores populi*; but the less remarkable philosopher may perhaps find that, so far from being delighted with his domestic arrangements and the dwellers in the fields, both are much more unendurable than their counterparts would have proved if he had stayed in town.

It is not to be denied that rural life, in those who are only trying their prentice hands at it, tends to develop the virtue of hospitality to a very high degree of perfection indeed. Perhaps it would be truer to say that it develops one half of it, and makes us more eager to welcome the coming than to speed the parting guest. Nobody is ever so welcome in town as the man who comes down to a country place laden with papers and all sorts of gossip. If we used to find him dull and commonplace, his character and conversation have now about them an unequalled savour and piquancy. If he used to be a chattering bore, he is now the most amusing and instructive of companions. Yet, for all this, for people with sufficient force of character (and of a certain kind of character) to be able to live a great deal upon their own resources, the country is by far the most congenial home. They find all sorts of new sympathies arise, and their whole sense of the companionship of nature is at once quickened and gratified. The very monotony of dark heaths and green fields and hedgerows is imposing, and it is the more imposing to a man who learns the infinite change of growth and colour and form which is constantly at work under this seeming monotony. Every process of nature, from the slow stately progress of masses of cloud down to the fierce contests of the tiny adders on a pond edge, and the battles of insects in the sun, becomes interesting and suggestive, and a man of a certain sort positively luxuriates in the contemplation of the incessant life and growth and decay about him. This consciousness of never-ending movement around him far more than compensates for the minute vexations incident to life in places where the civilized organization of towns has not reached. But then people of another sort find the vexations far weightier than the joys, and they only think that a man must be an idiot for preferring partially uncomfortable isolation to the life of the city. So he would be if he were like themselves.

THE NEW BUND.

WE are still somewhat in the dark as to the intended fate of North Germany. The details of its future constitution are still unrevealed; but the leading principles on which its States are to be reorganized are plain enough. They are to retain something of the form, or at least of the name, of a Confederation, while they are, for all purposes which concern other nations, to be placed under the absolute control of Prussia. The state of things is to be something analogous to that which began in France in 1851. Prussia is not yet to be Emperor, but only President with Imperial power. But after 1851 naturally follows 1852. Such a scheme cannot be lasting, and is doubtless not meant to be lasting. It is still more certain that it is not good that it should be lasting. Those who believe that, in certain times and places, a Federal system is the most appropriate form of government will perhaps be the most anxious to get rid of such a mockery of a Federal system. One consideration, and one consideration only, can make them hesitate for a moment. As things now stand, the sooner Hanover and Mecklenburg are annexed to Prussia, the better for Hanover and Mecklenburg. But the annexation of Hanover and Mecklenburg may carry with it the annexation of Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg; and it is far from being equally clear that annexation by Prussia will be the best thing for them.

We have often set forth the points of inherent weakness in that German Confederation which has just been swept away. Several considerations might well point out a Federal system as the natural one for a country in the position of Germany. The ancient Kingdom had in fact changed of itself into a Confederation by very gradual and natural steps. The various portions of Germany might seem to possess just that amount of connection and that amount of diversity which renders a Federal system natural and appropriate. But there were several arguments on the other side, and one of them an overwhelming one. The enormous disproportion between two members of the League and all the rest made the working of any real Federal administration impossible. The position of Austria and Prussia hindered any really independent action on the part of the smaller States. The utmost they could hope to do was to turn the balance between the two powerful rivals, and experience has shown that they were not able to do that.

But, under the new scheme, the smaller States will not have even this small chance. Austria is turned out of the League, and Prussia is therefore left in the position which Thebes held in Boeotia, and which Rome held in Italy. The fate of the other States south of the Main seems undetermined; but it is implied that some sort of connection between them and the Northern States is looked on as possible. But Austria is banished without hope.

Now the banishment of Austria may be looked on in two points of view. It is a gain to get rid of the so-called Austrian "Empire," which has so long and so unfairly trafficked on its twofold character of German and non-German. But from any fairly constituted Kingdom or Confederation of Germany it is altogether unreasonable to shut out the old Archduchy and the other German lands now under the rule of Francis Joseph of Lorraine. It is monstrous to turn the world upside down in order to admit within the German pale the few hundred thousand Germans in Southern Schleswig, and then to shut out from that pale several millions of Germans inhabiting what has been undoubted German territory for ages. "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" is a question much more easily asked than answered; but at any rate Vienna, Salzburg, and Innsbruck are surely parts of it.

The difficulty of course is the old difficulty—the existence of the so-called Empire of Austria. An Archduke one might know what to do with; but when that Archduke is also King of half a dozen countries out of Germany, and claims to be "Emperor" of all his dominions, German and non-German, the disposal of him becomes a much more difficult matter. Prussia too has non-German territory, but it is so small in comparison with her German territory that it is of no account in a German question, though it may be of some account in a Polish question. It might be given up altogether without the power of Prussia being practically weakened. But the "Empire" of Austria exists only by virtue of being German and non-German at once. If the King of Hungary insists upon being Archduke of Austria, or if the Archduke of Austria insists upon being King of Hungary, in either case the German inhabitants of the Circle of Austria are put in a false position. A real German nation, whether League or Kingdom, cannot exist while the "Empire" of Austria exists in its present form. It may be that the exclusion is designed for the very purpose of not being permanent. It is perhaps expected that the true Austrians will not long hold it to be their interest to be cut off from all connection with their fellow-countrymen in the rest of Germany merely in order that their Archduke may reign over Hungary, Galicia, Bukovine, and the rest of it. The exclusion of the sham Austria from the German body may be merely intended as a step towards the day when the real Austria shall again return to it on closer terms.

But, Austria being for the present put aside, and the exact fate of the other South-German States being left somewhat mysterious, what will be the real condition of the new Confederation of the North? The plain truth is that such of the Northern States as may be permitted to exist will cease to be, in any practical sense, confederates, and will become Prussian dependencies. They will be put into the position in which the Italian Allies stood to Rome before the Social War, the position in which Chios and Mitylene stood to Athens at the opening of the Peloponnesian War. Hitherto the League has had a recognised diplomatic and military existence. Germany, as Germany, has been capable of making peace and war by the authority of the representatives of Germany assembled at Frankfurt. Each German State also has had its own separate diplomatic and military existence. It has been capable of making peace and war for itself, subject only to its duties to the German body. Hitherto Reuss-Schleiz might not lawfully make war either on Reuss-Greiz or on Austria, but it has been perfectly lawful for it to make war on France, Russia, or Japan. But now, it seems, the smaller North-German States are to lose at once their power of independent action, and their share in the collective action of the League. In all matters which concern other nations, Prussia is to act for them. They are to be diplomatically represented by Prussia, and their armies are to march at the command of Prussia. But with the internal government of those States which are to exist at all it seems that Prussia will not meddle. If there is to be a King of Hanover any longer, he will be ostensibly independent in the internal administration of his dominions. Prussia may find or make opportunities to step in, but it does not appear that she will take in such matters even that legal position which is at present filled by the Federal Diet. As far as we can see, a North-German Prince will be independent for all purposes of internal misgovernment, while he will be unable to take external action in the most righteous and patriotic cause without leave from his superior at Berlin.

One can hardly conceive a more degrading position both for princes and people. The position of a dependency is, in some exceptional cases, that in which a small State is likely to enjoy the greatest measure of well-being and of practical freedom. But this is only when some special circumstances, historical, geographical, or ethnological, point out this peculiar relation as the most fitting one. There are no circumstances of the kind which thus point out one part of Germany as fitted to be placed in a dependent relation to any other. The boundaries of most of the States are purely arbitrary devices of the present century, and it is hard to say why men on one side of an arbitrarily drawn frontier should be put in a worse political position than men on the other side. If the smaller States were absolutely incorporated with the larger—that is, if the Kingdom of Prussia really disappeared in the Kingdom of Germany—then men in all parts of the country would share alike. But make Hanover externally dependent and internally independent, and what is the result? The King and the people of Hanover are left altogether without any voice in international affairs. In a constitutional State, every elector may be said to have some infinitesimal share in directing the foreign affairs of the nation. If he dislikes the

foreign policy of the Government, he can, at the next election, vote for the candidate who will do most to turn that Government out. In a despotism, it is always the theory, and sometimes the practice, that the King represents the nation, that he knows its interests and acts on their behalf. If Prussia be a despotism, the King of Prussia must be held in courtesy to act with a view to the interests of the Prussian people. If Prussia be a constitutional State, the Prussian people will in some degree, however remote and indirect, have a voice in determining matters for themselves. But the King and people of Hanover will have their hands absolutely tied; they can do nothing for themselves; they must do what Prussia—its King or its people as it may be—determines for them. And, according to the precedents of all ruling States since ruling States existed, the King of Prussia, and still more the people of Prussia, will be sure to act in the interests of Prussia only, and not in the interests of the dependencies of Prussia. On one side, then, of some purely imaginary line, a man will possibly have some voice in directing the affairs of the State, or at any rate will have them directed for him by a King who is bound to regard his interests. On the other side of the same line, a man will have affairs directed for him by a Power over which he has not the most indirect influence, and which is in no way likely to regard his interests at all. The smaller States will be exposed to all the disadvantages which affect small principalities, while they will have no feeling of quasi-national independence to counterbalance. Prince and people will be alike bondsmen in all international affairs; and we cannot but fear that the chances of misgovernment will be greatly increased. A prince who has lost all external dignity and independence will, unless he be a model of unusual virtue, be strongly tempted to take it out at the expense of his subjects.

Such a state of things cannot last; it cannot be meant to last. The advantages of complete annexation will be so clear that everybody will be asking to be annexed. It is not as if there were any sort of inferiority on one side as compared to the other, any sort of geographical or social circumstances which stood in the way of complete amalgamation. The subjects of the ruling State and the subjects of the dependent State are countrymen, of the same blood and language, with no superiority in one over the other, with no possible reason why one should be master and the other servant. To annex an independent State, however small, may possibly offend some quasi-national instincts on the part of that State. But to annex a State which is already a dependency is simply to promote its inhabitants from a place among the ruled to a place among the rulers. To the mass of the inhabitants such a change would be a simple gain. The inhabitants of the capital might complain of the very doubtful loss attending the extinction of a petty Court, and that would be all. A citizen of Hanover might possibly have some faint ground of complaint, but a citizen of Hildesheim would simply be raised to the level of a citizen of Paderborn.

The probable object is to bring about voluntary annexation—to provide a decent pretext for upsetting the princes by a movement from within their own dominions. The dependent allies of Prussia will clamour for advancement to the full rank of Prussians, rather, we should say, of Germans. It is hard to see how, in the case of the subject of any German prince, incorporation can be other than advancement. But for the citizens of the three venerable commonwealths which still retain the great Hanseatic name the case is wholly different. Their natural position is in a Confederated Germany—in a real, not a sham Confederation. But for Germany, as a whole, a real Confederation is an impossibility. The changes which will bring life to Cassel and Mecklenburg look very much as if they would bring death to Lübeck and Bremen.

THE LESSER POLITICAL LIGHTS.

THE end of a new member's first Session must, in a good many cases, be rather a gloomy moment, like the end of an unsuccessful young lady's first season in town. Not to have carried off a matrimonial prize is probably about as disappointing to the one as to have had no chance of sitting down amid loud and continued cheering is to the other. The quantity of illusions that have been dissipated since February in the minds of devoted patriots who were going to raise the tone of the House of Commons, and to make themselves immortal at the same time, is something that might make a cynic weep to think of. Young men who went into Parliament to win a reputation, older men who went in to enhance one, moneyed men who wanted a ray of glory with which to gild their opulence, might all, if they only had Momus's window in their bosom, be found to furnish telling illustrations of the dismal lesson of the preacher. Considering that a seat in the House of Commons is the loftiest summit of nearly every educated man's ambition at one time or other of his life, there is something very widely instructive, if it is also very sad, in all the blighted aspirations which might have been found about Westminster at the end of last week. There has been no startling dramatic failure such as that with which Mr. Disraeli began his ascent to the leadership of the House. But neither, on the other hand, has any brilliant or decisive success attended maiden speeches. The Session has destroyed or undermined more reputations than it has created or extended. On many accounts it has been peculiarly unfavourable to the smaller men. The great subject of debate was one in which all the chiefs and veterans were eagerly engaged, and in such circumstances a lesser light must brighten up in a very amazing

style indeed in order to become in any way conspicuous. And the subject was an unfortunate one for aspirants, for another reason. There is nothing new or startling to be said about Reform, unless you take up the line, which most aspirants would be too wise to take up, of opposing Reform altogether. None of the leaders even contrived to say anything that had not been heard substantially a hundred times before, with the exception of the remarkable flesh-and-blood argument, and this novelty was not received in an encouraging manner either by the House or the country. To go on repeating the old arguments, mixed up with the old or with new fallacies, did not promise a reputation. Mr. Hughes indeed was frank and impolitic enough to show the cards of the Trades' Unions; and to people who study politics with a philosophic eye to the future solutions of our present problems, and to the various under-currents of existing opinion, what he said was almost as interesting as anything in the debate. Only the House of Commons is very properly more concerned with the practical present than with an ideal future. And if it thinks that it can sniff the remotest tendency to anything which looks like Socialism, there are no bounds to its dread and antipathy. Then, again, the whole question was so universally felt to be turning on a number of false issues and insincere pretences, that new members had not the same incentives to make a figure as they would have had if the issue had been open and downright. A man is not anxious to put his fame to hazard on a question on which scarcely anybody is in a position to say exactly what he thinks. And this was the case with Reform. From the leaders down to the rank, everybody was obliged to say something more or less than he meant—perhaps, in some awkward cases, what he did not mean at all. An artificial atmosphere of this sort is too stifling both for fine oratory and for that high kind of thought and feeling to which good oratory gives the effective form. So the stars which this time last year, or so late as February, were going to shed new and overwhelming light upon the Parliamentary scene discreetly veiled their lustre, and kept their heat and light latent for a more convenient season. Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Torrens and Mr. Trevelyan, have not taken the House by storm, as enthusiastic admirers of everybody who has ever written and printed a book assured us they would do. The literary member of Parliament has proved himself very much like the commercial member or the aristocratic member. The predictions that the House, after the elections at Brighton and Finsbury and Lambeth, would be inspired with the much-wanted *Geist*, and informed with a higher mind, have not been very closely fulfilled. But these lesser representatives of the literary or speculative character have at least brought no discredit on what they represent. They have made very unaffected and sensible speeches, and asked a good many questions which would also have been extremely sensible if there had been any reason to hope for an answer from the officials that meant anything intelligible or straightforward. Mr. Hardy's style of replying to Mr. Oliphant about the Lambeth Workhouse is a very fine illustration of the use of asking sensible questions. Of all the new members Mr. Coleridge has shown himself most decidedly a House of Commons man. One of the two great orators of the House is said to have described him "as a very pretty speaker," but his neat style does not prevent him from being solid and effective as well.

If we turn to those lesser lights with whose powers of illumination the House was already familiar, the history of the Session does not show much change. Mr. Bernal Osborne appeared in one or two of his old favourite parts, until, having unwarily poked fun of very doubtful taste at the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he received an effective snub in return, amid the applause of the House. Mr. Horsman kept up his reputation as a very distinguished speaker and "a superior person," though nobody thanked him for the candour with which, in his last speech, he took the pains to let Europe know that most Englishmen at the outbreak of the war hoped to see Austria triumphant against both her enemies. Mr. W. E. Forster has been much more moderate, and not any less effective, since his accession to office. Mr. Layard played his usual part of rude Boreas with something more than his usual vehemence. Mr. Goschen—but one forgets; an ex-Cabinet Minister must not be put down among such poor creatures as Mr. Horsman and Mr. Laing and the rest. The fly in amber is not as other flies are. Mr. Laing's very original speeches on Reform raised him to a high place among the Parliamentary second-rates. He is unfortunately not an orator, and this is a fatal drawback in an assembly which overrates so enormously the gifts of fluency and of ready and ample illustration. It is not unnatural that, where there is so much listening to be done, there should be an estimate of these attractive powers over and above what would be justifiable on principles of pure reason. In a Chamber for talking, it is inevitable that the man who has the knack of talking pleasantly should find it go so far in his favour as to cover a multitude of sins of thought, both with the Chamber and the people outside. There are one or two exceedingly bad speakers, it is true, from the point of view of an elocution-master, who yet stand in the first rank in public esteem. But these are either of patriarchal standing, or else they have originally had some great adventitious authority at their backs. And it is no small thing to have attained the rank of a political second-rate—by which, it is understood, we do not mean a fifth-rate. Boys, of course, would scorn to be anything less in the political arena than Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lowe, just as they would very properly at two-and-twenty decline to limit their prospects to anything less than the woolpack or an archbishopric or the

very foremost position in the City. As time flies, they grow wiser, and even the best of them learn to think that to be placed at all in the race is as high a distinction as they are likely to obtain. They may even discover that you may get a great deal of happiness and a sort of distinction among the ruck.

A person of a powerful but gloomy imagination might have pictured to himself the possibility of the Windsor train which was bringing back the Ministers who had been to give up the seals, running at full tilt into the train that was carrying their successors to kiss hands. To have destroyed the two Cabinets at one blow would have been a feat worthy of the grand scale on which the Great Western Railway has always done things. How would the Queen's Government have been carried on after so unparalleled a drain upon the political resources of the country? If we reflect how immensely opportunity develops faculty, there is every reason to suppose that the political second places are filled by men of quite sufficient rudimentary power to be fit for the first places. The Parliamentary reserves are luckily very different from the Navy reserves. There is no difficulty in relieving officials whose time has expired, or there would be none but for the patriotic conviction that Ministers ought to have blue blood in their veins. The truth is that, as a rule, though there are plenty of exceptions, anybody who has reached the point of the second rank only wants opportunity and the inspiring consciousness of great responsibility to fill the first posts with at least average efficiency. This ought to console meritorious politicians who occupy the back-ground of the Parliamentary picture. If they do not gain loud and brilliant success, at least they deserve it. Meanwhile it says a great deal for the common sense of ambitious men in this country that they do not let their ambition or vanity blind them to the necessity of patience in winning a great political reputation. They are content to endure the slow growth of fame. The English people are amazingly constant to their political loves. A statesman who has once got to the top must work very hard before he can throw himself down again. Perhaps the history of the last Prime Minister would prove that it is downright impossible. So the prize is worth a good deal of patient waiting. It is very difficult to get, but, once got, it is even more difficult to let slip.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

IT would perhaps be hard to blame theatrical managers for their vigorous opposition to the proposal for extending to music-halls the privileges hitherto confined to theatres. Some of them no doubt carried rather more bigotry into their opposition than seemed exactly necessary, and laid a little too much stress upon the purity of the drama or the corruption of the public taste, and not quite enough upon the danger to their own pockets. But it is scarcely to be expected that a man should calmly acquiesce in what he believes to be detrimental to his interests, and it shows very little knowledge of human nature to suppose that he is deliberately indulging in claptrap when he identifies the public interests with his own, and thinks that civilization is rapidly retrograding because he has to shut up shop. No form of self-deceit is easier or more common, and the more patriotic a man is, and the greater his self-respect and proper pride in his profession, the more likely is he thus to impose upon himself. The coachman in *Felix Holt*, who "saw as in a vision the ruined country strewn with shattered limbs," may have been as conscientiously convinced that the death of Mr. Huskisson was a special proof of God's anger at the introduction of railways as many good Christians are convinced that geological discoveries are incompatible with true religion. The railways, as it happened, threatened the coachman with ruin, but this was not the form in which, even to his own mind, his objection clothed itself. There are no limits to the quaint deception which a man, under such circumstances, may in all innocence and good faith practise upon himself. If Professor Holloway were to-morrow to invent a pill conferring immortality upon its regular consumer, we have no doubt that the undertakers would make out on public grounds a very strong case, and petition Parliament against its use. It would be urged that it was manifestly irreligious, and a direct flying in the face of Providence, to abolish death; that the public in general, and pathetic novelists in particular, would lose the ennobling spectacles of fortitude and piety now exhibited on deathbeds; that a sudden glut of coffins and hatbands would give a serious shock to the productive enterprise of the country; that the public-houses would be tempted to undermine the public health by mixing more turpentine with their gin if the patronage of the mutes were suddenly taken away. Probably less would be said about the loss occasioned to the class of undertakers than about any of the former more national considerations.

But still it does not follow that the public, while fully and gratefully recognising the philanthropic exertions of the undertakers on its behalf, would be bound to continue the good old practice of dying, and being decently buried, with no sordid regard to expense. It might even consider that the undertakers were not altogether in a position to take an impartial and comprehensive view of all the bearings of the case. And similarly, while giving Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Webster, and other theatrical managers full credit for the sincerity of the objections they entertain to music-halls, we are not disposed to take their statements entirely on trust. It is indeed only fair to the theatrical managers to remember that their views are shared by witnesses who have apparently no interest in limiting the privileges of music-halls. Mr. Pownall, for

instance, Chairman of the Middlesex Bench of Magistrates, holds that, if a man goes to hear a reading of Shakspeare in a public-house, his real motive for going is to drink spirits, and he urges, acutely and forcibly, that such a man "in a drunken fit may even kill somebody." But still Mr. Pownall is not prepared to maintain that "brandy-and-water with Shakspeare is more likely to make a man drunk than brandy-and-water without." Mr. Buckstone holds that to act plays at music-halls is to "brutalize the drama," and that it involves "sensuality," since a man who has "his mouth full as well as his ears open" employs two senses; whereas a man who is not eating employs but one. Mr. Webster would "consider himself a scandalous person" if he took his wife and family to a music-hall, apparently on the ground that "immoral characters" go there. If it be thought that Mr. Webster is libelling the large class of respectable artisans who take their wives and families to these places, it must not, on the other hand, be forgotten that this high tone of morality must subject his means of enjoyment to such severe restrictions that a moralist who in this age endures them may be pardoned for taking a somewhat harsh view of the foibles of his fellow-men. He must deny himself the pleasure of a ride in Rotten Row whenever Anonyma's pony-carriage is likely to prove the centre of attraction; and he dare not go to the Opera, where the best boxes may unhappily be taken by public women quite as notorious and disreputable as the humbler frequenters of the Alhambra. A man who himself does penance of this kind in the cause of purity earns a right to use hard language about others. But still this very elevation of sentiment would make it highly dangerous to allow him to legislate for them. The reign of saints which he would at once introduce would too soon be followed by a reign of sinners. Indeed the theatrical managers would assign to Government a task even more Quixotic and impracticable than the overthrow of immorality; they expect from it the authoritative preservation of a certain standard of taste. Government is to tell the frequenters of the Alhambra that, as it is "brutalizing to the drama" and generally "sensual" to endeavour at the same time to eat a mutton-chop and listen to a play, they must be content with music and songs. It would be a waste of time to argue with theorists who maintain so wild a view of the functions of Government as this. They are born a generation or so too late. But, as the spirit of protection still lingers in various forms among us, it may perhaps be worth pointing out that this view violates the plainest maxims of competition and free trade. It is as unjust and impolitic to tell the public that they shall not enjoy one form of amusement, except in places where they are restricted from another form, as it is to drive them to this or that particular market for their corn. It is manifest that Government cannot, without overstepping its proper limits, interfere with music-halls, either on the ground that they lower the public taste, or on the ground that they injure the theatres. The first plea would justify its ordering, like the authorities at Oxford, that in future all poems should be written in the heroic metre, or its insisting upon any restriction which it might consider necessary to maintain a certain standard of art. The second plea would have justified its forbidding railways, as an invention calculated to injure the proprietors and drivers of stage-coaches. In these instances the principle of interference, or rather non-interference, is the same, however widely its application may differ in degree. And it is obviously desirable to leave the principle altogether untouched, except in clear cases of necessity; for if Government interference once begins, it is ordinarily impossible to draw the line at which it should stop. Such a case of necessity may be considered to arise wherever the lowering of the public taste is effected by an outrage upon decency or morality; but Mr. Webster himself would scarcely maintain that it is indecent or immoral to watch a play while smoking a cigar or eating a mutton-chop.

We have been assuming, in order to meet the theatrical managers on their own ground, that the class of entertainments which they so fiercely denounce would really injure the public taste. But we much doubt whether the assumption can be supported—whether there is not quite as much, or even more, to be said on the other side. We are, as a nation, such "dull dogs," we take our pleasures, as the Frenchman said, so sadly, that whatever tends to cultivate and diffuse amongst us the capacity for enjoyment is in itself a national boon. It is wanted, if only to counteract that pseudo-religious spirit, the legacy and weakest point of Puritanism, so common among a large class of Englishmen, who "piously tremble at the thought of being entertained, and thinks no Christian safe who is not dull." So long as there is a numerous body of Englishmen, considered sane enough for the due discharge both of public and private duties, who shudder at the notion of going to a concert, and look upon a ball-room as "a rendezvous for lost spirits," the national capacity for pleasure is not in much danger of being cultivated to excess. At any rate, the evil now lies the other way, and any place of entertainment, not immoral, which draws crowded audiences, is exercising a wholesome influence on the age, and ought to be given the fullest encouragement, instead of being visited with vexatious restrictions. This applies to all kinds of harmless entertainment, but it is especially applicable to music-halls, since music is one of the highest educational influences that a nation can undergo, and an influence, moreover, that probably no nation so much needs as our own. It is true that much of the music at these halls is very trashy; but, on the other hand, a good deal of it is first-class; and it must be remembered that, while trashy music is not likely to

deteriorate the taste of any one who knows what good music is, it may awaken the musical taste of an ignorant man, and lead him to cultivate its purer forms. The trashiest music is better among the half-educated classes than no music, since it supplies a source of occupation and amusement which, by Mr. Buckstone's own admission, is not "sensual" unless the mouth is full. And among those classes a full mouth is not dangerously common. It is also worthy of consideration, in discussing the merits of music-halls, that respectable artisans take their wives and families there, which (*pace* Mr. Webster) we consider a much less "scandalous" proceeding than going alone to the public-house. Morality apart, a slight infusion of out-of-door Continental life into our present every-man's-house-his-castle system would be a wholesome corrective to English stiffness and insularity. On the whole, therefore, we think that the influence of music-halls and similar places of amusement upon the nation is decidedly beneficial, and if these places can be improved by allowing theatrical entertainments to be substituted for negro buffoonery or *ballets d'action*, the improvement is a boon to the nation.

We have also assumed, with the theatrical managers, that they will suffer by the extension to music-halls of the privileges hitherto confined to theatres. But here, again, we think their assumption will not bear scrutinizing. We are rather disposed to think that the music-halls will act as "feeders" to the theatres, by popularizing and heightening the taste for the drama. It seems to us ridiculous on the face of it to suppose that the music-halls can take the place of the theatres, or rival them on their strongest ground. Any one who has watched the audience during the performance of a popular piece will see the absurdity of supposing that they would tolerate the popping of corks and the jingling of plates and forks. In the sensation-scenes—which, despite all the tall talk about "the legitimate drama," are nowadays the commonest—the people will scarcely open their mouths to draw a breath, far less to insert a mouthful of beef or bread. We are sure that a manager who introduced into a music-hall one of those pieces which have the longest run and pay best at the theatres, would fail egregiously, and only be laughed at for his venture. We almost doubt whether a light piece, unless it were very short, would succeed at a music-hall; and, in any case, these pieces would only interfere with the half-price system of the theatres, which, according to Mr. Buckstone, is all but destroyed already. The music-halls would have just enough of the theatre about them to excite and diffuse a dramatic taste, but not enough to gratify it, and would therefore do the theatres more good than harm.

THE WRANGLE ENDED.

SO one of our standing dishes is cleared off the table, and one of our perennial bores is extirpated. At length the Royal Academy grievance is settled and the National Gallery perplexity is solved. And we hope that we and our readers are relieved, and for ever relieved, from any more discussion of a wrangle which has lasted longer than the siege of Troy. It is settled that the national pictures are to remain at Charing Cross, and it is settled that the Academy is to go to Burlington House, and Burlington House is to be saved, and everybody is for ever to be at peace and amity. All treaties, we believe, contain a praiseworthy and reliable condition that peace and friendship are to exist henceforth and for ever—a permanent and irrefragable peace between natural enemies. History proves how well and consistently such solid guarantees are always observed. Austria and Prussia, of course, after the pacification to be settled at Prague, are to be as David and Jonathan; and here we have the ill-assorted pair who could not secure domestic happiness in their household at Trafalgar Square resolved to keep the peace in separate establishments. We hope for the best. But we are not sure that Lord John Manners's preliminaries will even yet be carried out, or that the evil genius will not again interpose. The malignant gnome of South Kensington has too often and too successfully interfered for us to believe that some effort will not yet be made to throw everything once more into its normal confusion. It is, to be sure, announced officially that the only remaining difficulty as to the sites and homes of Art is at last removed. The House of Commons, perhaps wearied out by the everlasting dispute, declined to move another step, and, as we think with a more than venial obstinacy, washed its hands of the whole matter by determining not to reopen a settled case, and left the national pictures in possession of the Trafalgar Square building. As Parliament left the matter, the unhappy Academy was practically without a home. The Academicians declined, with something of an air of pique, the Burlington House site. It was not as good as they expected; and, at least in some quarters, a lingering longing look was cast at the everlasting Brompton site. The spirit of Cole was rising, and there seemed nothing left for it but for the Academy and its Schools and Annual Exhibition to migrate to the suburb which absorbs everything. Whether it is that the Academy has been influenced by public opinion, or whether the strong argument of vanishing resources, which would be certain to be most materially curtailed by taking refuge at South Kensington, has prevailed, it would be useless to inquire. It is enough to know that the Burlington House site, which was on first thoughts courteously accepted, and on second thoughts peevishly declined, has on third thoughts been again, if reluctantly, accepted. The ground upon which the Academy based their refusal of

Burlington House was the existence of certain restrictions enforced by Government. An entrance through the centre of the Academy buildings was to be preserved; and this entrance and other limitations on the size and harmony of the buildings were supposed by the Academy to be fatal to the Government-offer. In some way or other—but in what way, without a ground-plan, is not very clear—those restrictions have been removed, and the difficulty is got over.

It seems that the Academy is, in a sense, to have the Piccadilly frontage, which means the entrance from Piccadilly. The present wall or screen in Piccadilly—the old subject of Hogarth's rather unmeaning satire—is to be removed. Burlington House is to be preserved, and to form a sort of "vestibule to the new constructions," which "new constructions need only be of plain brick." At the same time "the wings and colonnade are to be pulled down, and two larger side buildings are to be erected for the learned societies which at present are lodged there," while the frontage towards Cork Street is to be given to a new building for the London University. Whether this is what was intended by Mr. Beresford Hope and his friends who have been fighting for "the preservation of Burlington House," is for him and them to say. We should say that it is not; but as we never were very clamorous for Burlington House, it is not much our concern. The British Museum was once lodged in one of the finest *hôtels* in London, Montague House. It would have been a great thing to have preserved Montague House as a nobleman's house, and so it would be well to keep Burlington House as a fine town mansion; but Montague House used up as a Museum, and Burlington House adapted into a Royal Academy, are very questionable gains either in the practical or æsthetic sense. Burlington House has a certain value, but that value in our judgment consists in the entirety of the whole plan. Colin Campbell, if he inspired Lord Burlington, knew what he was about. The "hideous brick wall" that people talk nonsense about is part and parcel of the original idea. Burlington House was designed to be secluded. Pull down the brick screen, and you miss the *motif* of the building. Destroy the colonnade and wings, which is the present intention, and Burlington House, as a work of any architectural art, ceases to exist. In our ignorance we thought that the colonnade was the only fine, or at least the finest, feature of the design. And we are very much afraid that the Burlington House of the future, merely kept up as a frontage to some cheap brick buildings in the rear, overweighted with new roof and skylights, and flanked with "two large side buildings," will be a very queer solecism in art. Everybody knows what comes of loading an original and unambitious house with accretions. Given, for instance, an ordinary manor-house, case it with stone, pile on it two or three new stories, squeeze it together with new and overlapping wings, add a porch here and a gallery there, and you will find not unlikely a settlement, a crack, a split, or some other trifling breakdown in your rehabilitated fabric which will compel the conclusion that it would not only have been much cheaper, but more conducive to architectural effect, to have rased the old structure altogether. Burlington House, as it stands, and untampered with, is worth preserving. A new Royal Academy is worth building. But a Royal Academy neither new nor old, and a Burlington House which is and is not Burlington House, is not, we think, worth all this patching and cobbling and contriving. We anticipate a botch, and only trust that we may live to be disappointed. The omens are against this economical adaptation of building scraps and old materials on hand. Poor Mr. Wilkins had to adapt the Carlton House columns, and spoiled *his* structure. The architect, whoever he may be, of the Royal Academy will have to design his accommodations and accretions, his new wings and new roof, to suit the poor mutilated fragment and torso of what is left of what once was Burlington House. We pity him by anticipation; we will not at present say we condemn him by anticipation. He has a very awkward task, and we wish him the good luck to scramble out of it. If he does, he is a genius. Neither have we much faith in the handsome railing towards Piccadilly which is promised, seeing that an iron railing is sure to be a coarse ugly palisade, infinitely inferior to Lord Burlington's screen. And further, a courtyard designed for domestic privacy will be a solecism when thrown open to cabs and shoeblacks; and if for 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* new picture galleries are to be erected which shall compete with those of the Louvre, all that we can say is, at last we have found our architect of the future, who is always coming, but who certainly has never come.

There are, however, two or three solid consolations which can scarcely, by the most extreme felicity of mismanagement, be upset. We have defeated the South Kensington plot. Neither the national pictures nor the most popular and important exhibition in London are to be sent off to the suburbs. For once the spirit of Cole has been rebuked. But this has been done, be it remembered, only by the most pertinacious and wearisome reiteration and bore on the part of such as ourselves. If ever there was a subject which was a weariness to the flesh, a weariness to those who write and to those who read, to those who argued and those who listened—if of late there have been those who read and who listened—it has been this protracted and tedious discussion. We know, speaking for ourselves, that we have often been bores; but have we not bored ourselves most of all? If we have teased the public, how much more have we teased ourselves? But this much is certain, that had not those who have so pertinaciously wrangled against jobbery and South Kensington still wrangled on, we should have been defeated. At one moment

the Academicians, some of them at least, were ready to surrender at discretion to Cole C.B. The President was said to be shaky; Sir Edwin was more than doubtful; the late Government could not be depended upon. Influences strong, if subtle, and the more powerful because the more obscure, and on other accounts the less assailable, were known to be active. All depended on the force of public opinion, and unless public opinion had been perpetually agitated there was no hope. Our only apology for our importunity must be its final success; and we have to congratulate ourselves and our readers on seeing the last of a most unprofitable subject. And we take our leave of it with this further consolation, that, be the new galleries for pictures and sculpture, and the new Art Schools in Piccadilly, what they may, they cannot be so bad as those which at present represent the standing disgrace of the Royal Academy and English art.

SEMITIC PALÆOGRAPHY AND EPIGRAPHY.

THE lecture which Mr. Deutsch delivered at the Archæological Congress on the above theme touched so many of the mainsprings of modern and ancient culture, and opened up so many questions relative to human progress and civilization, that, having mentioned it briefly on a former occasion, we shall now return to its subject. And, to begin with the beginning, we wonder what were the feelings of some of the archæologists when they were told that they had unconsciously been writing Phœnician all their lives. Yet there are few facts more capable of direct proof than the adoption of the Phœnician alphabet—figures, sounds, values, symbolical names, and all—by those archaic Greeks, whoever they were, who were the first originators, not only of Hellenism in the emphatic meaning of the word, but of all the glories of our own arts and sciences. Cadmus, the Greek myth informs us, while in quest of his sister Europa, who had eloped with Zeus, built Thebes in Boeotia, and introduced into it the use of brass and the alphabet. We need but mention that Cadmus is Semitic, and simply means, "one who comes from the Orient" (*Kedem*), and the whole tale is told. Whether Umbrian, Oscan, Roman, Latin, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, German, or English—it is always the Phœnician character which, like a plant, only changed according to the soil beneath and the skies above. Etruscan, that most mysterious of languages—variously held to be "aboriginal," Greek, Rhetian, Celtic, Albanese, Latin, Semitic, and we know not what else, but which, for all that, remains a vague puzzle—has perhaps retained the last Semitic formula written in archaic Greek. It stands at the beginning of a long inscription found at Perugia, which, excepting only that introductory formula, is still a profound mystery. This heading, however, which reads "This we have given as a sign to the land and to the inhabitants therein," is couched in as pure Semitic (spelt in "Etruscan" letters) as the "ouïez" which has survived in our courts is Norman-French. But the Phœnician alphabet has not only taken possession of all the idioms of Europe, it has also been adopted by the Hebrew, Samaritan, Aramaic, Syriac, Zabian, and Arabic languages, and nearly all the idioms connected with them.

One of the most important points connected with this fact is the relation between the Samaritan and "Hebrew" characters. It may perhaps not be quite superfluous to state that the square Hebrew commonly in use is of comparatively modern date. It was certainly not in use before the Babylonian captivity, perhaps not before the time of Christ. From this follows that most vital consequence, that the Biblical books in existence before the return had to be transcribed from the ancient, or Samaritan, into the modern, or square, Hebrew. As, however, there are certain characters similar to each other in the former, but dissimilar in the latter, many hitherto inexplicable readings in the Old Testament become clear and lucid if transcribed back again into Samaritan, and if some peculiar character, mistaken probably by the scribe for one similar to it, is then replaced by this latter. The most extraordinary results are obtained, e.g. in the numbers, which are occasionally very puzzling, besides being contradictory in some parallel passages. The letters standing for figures, a K (=20) might be misread by the hasty copyist for the M (=40), or even P (=80), all of which are of very similar shapes in the original. Thus it may have come to pass that a king is recorded to have left a son older than himself, and that the originally parallel passages became as unlike in the copy as well could be. Yet it was not without opposition that the dawning of this now pretty generally recognised truth was received. When Bianconi, about a hundred years ago, tried to derive the square Hebrew from the Samaritan, the *Acta Eruditorum* gave the astounding verdict, "hanc quidem sapientiam sufficientem vix esse ad infringendam divinam," as if the Divine Wisdom had ought to do with the perpetuation of palpable misreadings. But at that time no one dreamt of utilizing such speculations about forms of characters and their ages. They were, in fact, little better than vague fantastic dreams, befitting generations who still partly believed that Hebrew was the original language of all mankind.

Although mighty strides have been made of late, we are as yet without anything like a work, however elementary, on Semitic Palæography or Epigraphy. From Mabillon, the Benedictines, and Montfaucon, to Böckh and Mommsen, there is no lack of good, comprehensive, even classical, works on classical palæography. But nothing exists for the other, the even more im-

portant, Semitic branch. Once a feeble beginning was made by Kopp in *Bilder und Schriften* (1819), but his dissertation is chiefly filled with vituperation of previous Semitic investigators, such as Tychsen, Hartmann, and Gesenius; and it must be confessed that his strictures are, in some cases, well-deserved enough. But he does not sin the less. If Gesenius made statements which, had he possessed our fulness of materials, he would have refrained from making, Kopp himself lacked not only the materials but also the linguistic knowledge in which Gesenius was *facile princeps*. And since Kopp nothing has been done. Monographs on single branches, among which Gesenius' and Levy's Phœnician Investigations take a foremost place, articles in encyclopædias, such as Gesenius' *Palæographie* in Ersch and Gruber, various papers scattered in scientific journals, and the like, cannot but yield a certain amount of information; but this information is either of too special or too general a nature, and is mostly far behind our time.

To take, e.g. Phœnician itself, nothing can be more praiseworthy than Movers' labours; but while he, but a few years ago, knew of sixteen Carthaginian inscriptions, we know of nearly one hundred in the British Museum alone. While Gesenius, in his *History of Hebrew Language*, states that "data are wanting for an investigation which should in the least really enter into a palæography of that language and the changes thereby produced," we have now so many data that we begin to get bewildered by the embarrassment of riches, excavated right and left, with system and without system, by private enterprise, accident, or well-equipped expeditions. For a long time it was held a kind of special creed among Phœnikologists that, for some very wonderful reasons, nothing was ever to be found on the soil of Canaan itself, and that no Phœnician monument had survived older than about the time of Christ. But about ten years ago one of the many sepulchral caves near Saïda, the ancient Zidon, was opened by chance, and a sarcophagus of black syenite was discovered. Its lid represented the form of a mummy with the face of a man. Twenty-two lines of neatly cut Phœnician ran round his chest, and a smaller inscription, an abbreviation of the former, round his neck. This sarcophagus, the age of which has been variously conjectured as belonging from the eleventh down to the fourth century B.C., is now in the Louvre. The beginning of the larger inscription reads, literally translated, as follows:—

In the month of Bul, the 14th year of my reign, I King Ashmanzer, King of the Sidonians, son of King Tabnith, King of the Sidonians. Spake King Ashmanzer, King of the Sidonians, saying, I have been stolen away before my time—a son of the flood of days. The willom Great is dumb, the Son of Gods is dead. And I rest in this grave, even in this tomb, in the place which I have built. My adjuration to all the Ruling Powers and all men:—Let no one open this resting-place, nor search for treasure, for there is no treasure with Us; and let him not bear away the couch of My rest, and not trouble Us in this resting-place by disturbing the couch of My slumbers. . . . For all men who should open the tomb of My rest, or any man who should carry away the couch of My rest, or any one who trouble Me on this couch: Unto them there shall be no rest with the departed; they shall not be buried in a grave, and there shall be to them neither son nor seed. . . . There shall be unto them neither root below nor fruit above, nor honour among the living under the sun. . . . Magnificent curses these, and grandly Semitic!

Again, neither Gesenius nor Movers was aware of the sacrificial Tariff of Carthage found about four years ago, which supplements, while varying essentially from it in some points, the one found in Marseilles in 1845. Both these stones fix the gratuity to be given to the priest for each different sacrifice in a most minute manner, which forcibly reminds one of certain Pentateuch enactments; and Phœnician numismatics, as well as the forms of the numerals themselves, are duly represented—which adds to our knowledge of both. Nor had any previous investigator ever seen a complete trilingual Phœnician inscription; for the two well-known ones from Leptis Magna only consist of a few insignificant proper names. About three years ago some bronze fragments were ploughed up near a place called Paoli Gerrei, in Sardinia, which proved to have formed the base of an altar of about the second century B.C., and which contained a legend in three versions—the first Roman, the second Greek, the third and largest Phœnician. From them, and chiefly from the last, it appears that one Cleon—by birth a Greek, by citizenship a Roman, by religion a Phœnician, a member of the worshipful Company of Saltfarmers, vowed a bronze altar, 100 litras in weight, to Ashmun-Æsculapius, the Healer, in consideration of a cure to be performed. The points of importance raised by this monument, first fully deciphered by Mr. Deutsch, are manifold with respect to each of the three nationalities represented—apart from the fact that Æsculapius appears for the first time in Greek and Latin with a Semitic epithet (Merre, Mirre = *Phœn. Maarach*, healer). And, to touch but briefly upon the very latest finds of the Palestine Exploration, what can be more interesting than to study the oldest shape extant of Samaritan characters, such as are figured on the celebrated stone in the Mosque at Nablus, or to compare the Hebrew writing over the lintel of a ruined synagogue in Galilee with that on the tomb of the Kings, on the stones of Aden, and our own MSS., and to draw from it what results we may?

Semitic Palæography and Epigraphy will henceforth have to be recognised as new and most indispensable branches of a science of which of course the cultivators cannot but be very few. But from those few we have reason to expect most important discoveries and radical revolutions in many of our old-established historical and philological notions. It must not be forgotten that it was Egyptian

Palæography that broke open the lips of the Sphinx; that Assyrian Palæography has revealed the secrets of Sennacherib's States-archives. Yet the times are not so very long gone by when the cuneiforms of Darius, that covered the Behistun rocks, were considered the work of myriads and myriads of worms, and when hieroglyphics and their students were called sundry hard names. Now Phœnician and Assyrian vouch for each other on the same clay tablets; Greek and Latin are paraphrased by Phœnician legends; and the bilingual pendant to the Rosetta Stone, brought to light only a few weeks ago, proves to ocular demonstration the general correctness of hieroglyphic interpretation.

We had intended to speak also of the South Arabian (Himyaritic), the Assyrian (bilingual), and other newly-enriched provinces of these new sciences; but we have done enough, we think, to prove the profound interest and importance inherent in the studies of which Mr. Deutsch has treated. We have only further to congratulate the Archaeologists on the privilege of listening to a discourse on these subjects such as they cannot often hear. We really do not know where else they could get information such as Mr. Deutsch has imparted to them, and brought down to the very latest hour. There does not as yet exist a single work, either English or foreign, in which the requisite lore even of old discoveries in the multifarious provinces of Semitic Palæography is to be found grouped together clearly and comprehensively; not to mention any of the numerous treasures dug up before our own eyes. But Mr. Deutsch has caused the stones themselves, scattered to the ends of the earth, to speak in their own motley characters and tongues, and has succeeded in drawing from them such philosophical, historical, and scientific results as are obtained but rarely indeed.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

x.

THE exhibition of landscapes in the Paris Salon gradually increases in importance as academic art declines. The frank reference to nature, the growing love for picturesque and comprehensive methods of execution especially adapted to landscape, and the wider liberty allowed to painters, have tended to produce in France a landscape school which, though differing from our own in its objects and beliefs, has as strong claims on our attention, and enjoys in Europe a position of greater influence and authority. Realism has obtained a footing in both schools, but not in the same form. The English realist in landscape is usually a topographer; the French realist is as little topographic as other painters, but differs from them in his belief that common and even ugly things may have valuable artistic qualities. Again, the English realist is devoted to the study of detail, believing it essential to truth to render as much as possible of all that can be seen; but the French realist cares as little for detail as his opponents. A comparison between Brett and Courbet would afford the reader a good opportunity for contrasting these different aims. Of Mr. Brett's studious regard for minute truth we find no trace in Courbet; but, on the other hand, the French artist has a confidence in the value of a simple impression rendered with little effort at conscious analysis which Mr. Brett, if we may judge by his consistent and laborious practice, can scarcely share. There is a brutality about Courbet—we use the word in an inoffensive artistic sense—which is the reverse of the analytic intellectualism of Brett. Neither artist could well be spared from the schools of Europe, because each has pushed a peculiar quality to complete realization, unimpeded by the doubts and hesitations which beset men of larger critical culture. Many qualities in art, like certain qualities in character, are incompatible; and if we are to see them exemplified at all, it must be in different men.

Courbet has been hitherto known as a figure-painter, but this year, which, so far as popular applause is concerned, has been the brightest of his whole career, his great success is a landscape, bearing the title "Remise de Chevreaux, au ruisseau de Plaisirs Fontaine, Doubs." A rivulet, winding between rocks of pale grey limestone and shaded by green foliage, is the scene illustrated, and four deer are skillfully introduced in the foreground. There is, no doubt, great decision and firmness in the execution of this work, due to an entire understanding of its relations of tone, and it is, we presume, on this ground that the French amateurs have received it with favour. Nevertheless, we cannot wholly attribute the sudden accession of popularity in M. Courbet's case to the merits of this particular picture. It is possible that the efforts made by Proudhon, in his posthumous book on art, to obtain a fairer recognition for a painter whom he profoundly respected may, with a certain class of readers, produce some effect; and it seems still more probable that a feeling may have been gradually gaining ground with the public that it has been unjust to Courbet—a feeling which only awaited the appearance of some picture by him exemplifying his good qualities without his repulsiveness, to burst forth into choruses of applause. Some English newspapers have been circulating a paragraph in which a Paris correspondent informs his readers that Courbet, an artist hitherto unknown, has this year leaped from obscurity to fame. The fact is that Courbet has been famous for the last sixteen years or more, and his celebrity has not been confined to France, for at an exhibition in Munich he was honoured with a room to himself. If a French journalist were to tell his readers that Millais first rose into public notice last year, the English press would cite the passage as a ludicrous instance of Gallic ignorance.

Accepting Courbet's landscape as a work of genuine merit in its peculiar way, for its truth of tone and directness of impression, we pass to a picture by M. Émile Breton, "Un Étang," which, though it attracted little attention, deserved it as much as the "Remise de Chevreaux." English visitors to the Salon do not generally appreciate landscape of this kind at its full value. With reference to this particular picture, an English topographic artist observed that work so broad in manner did not seem to him to be compatible with any true love for nature, because it omitted details as superfluous which a true lover of nature would regard with so much affection that he could not pass them without notice. On the other hand, an impression exists amongst picture-buyers that landscape of this class costs so little labour in comparison with detailed landscape that, in buying it, they do not get enough for their money. Both these impressions, though natural, are erroneous. Landscape-painting like that of Émile Breton may be, and we are quite convinced is, inspired by a love of nature to the full as intense as that of the most laborious copier of details; but the love is in this case concentrated on the whole scene, and not on the parts of it, and especially on the character of the scene, just as we may love the expression of a friend's face without feeling any especial enthusiasm about his whiskers or his eyebrow. As to the question of industry, if it were only understood how much labour truth of tone generally costs, and especially how much discouraging erasure and repetition, a picture possessing this great quality would seldom expose its author to the charge of indolence. We have seen pictures of apparently the most simple materials, whose detail was far from elaborate, and yet which to our knowledge had cost the artist more labour and care than would have covered twice the extent of canvass with unrelated minutiae. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of this picture by Breton—a pond with weeds in it, some massed trees beyond it, a grey sky and light from above glittering on the expanse of weeds.

We have already spoken of M. Daubigny with reference to his works exhibited in London. His two contributions to the Salon, "Le Bords de l'Oise, près de la Bonneville," and "Effet du Matin sur l'Oise," are fair examples of the master. Nothing in Daubigny pleases us better than his honest love of the beautiful French rivers. He has a boat with a little hut on it in which he floats on the Seine and its tributaries, painting assiduously from nature. Our own Turner, it will be remembered, loved the French rivers too, but what interested him most was the admirably placed old cities on their shores, whereas Daubigny is happiest in the open country, where the stream reflects nothing but trees and the sky. To have the proper degree of affection for a river, we must know it intimately, and to know it intimately we must boat upon it—a boat with sleeping accommodation like Daubigny's being especially advantageous, because it allows the painter to stop wherever he chooses, and make the river his home. We despair of ever seeing the English public infected with that enthusiasm for lowland French rivers which charms us in Daubigny. Nineteen Englishmen out of twenty have a perfect contempt for poplars, the noble tree which to most others is exactly what a tower is to a house; and whilst our countrymen retain this prejudice they cannot be expected to appreciate a kind of landscape which mainly depends for its loveliness on the grace of poplars, and for its sublimity on their stature and their multitude.

M. Corot has, if possible, increased his great reputation this year. His two pictures, "La Solitude, souvenir de Vigen, Limousin," and "Le Soir," though even more than usually destitute of colour, are agreeable in tone, very harmonious, and full of sentiment. If we could imagine anything so disastrous to the fine arts as a universally prevalent system of perfect imitation, expression so frankly individual as this of Corot would be impossible. Art of this kind, let it be understood, has nothing whatever to do with imitation, and vulgar spectators, who think that the only merit of art is to be what they call "like nature," will find little here to gratify them. This is the expression of a sentiment, no more; and the stern law of copyism of natural objects would refuse expression to all sentiment of this kind. If we praise Corot, we mean to say that he has done right to express his own feelings, not that we wish other artists to paint like him. His pictures interest us because he is true to himself, and his work is like the honest utterance of a man's mind when he tells us, not what he imagines we shall think he ought to believe and like, but what he really does believe and like. Of course we know that these trees bear slight resemblance to real trees, but this absence of imitation is not due to ignorance, for in his first manner Corot painted leafage minutely. He does not draw, does not care much about form, nor does he study colour in any complete way; but we have heard it said that he is exceedingly particular about *valeurs de ton*, which we readily believe. There is a class of very brilliant and effective landscape in England, produced for the market in large quantities, and based on the double belief that a picture must have a great deal of nature in it and yet glare enough to hold its own on the walls of an exhibition. This kind of landscape outshines Corot as much as a figure at Madame Tussaud's outshines a rude sketch in clay; yet there is a quality in Corot's work which we should seek vainly in that other art. It is not painted for the market, it appeals to no feeling or taste which a vulgar buyer can possibly possess. In a word, it is not commercial art, and Corot neither is, nor ever has been, a tradesman.

One of the most poetical of French landscape-painters, and one whose reputation during the last three or four years has considerably extended itself, is Nazon. His pictures, "Vignes et Ormeaux,"

and "Le Crépuscule," are notable for great power of colour, much harmony of tone, and a gracefulness of feeling which gives a lasting charm. In the first, a tranquil stream is spanned by the arch of a stone bridge with a rich golden light of evening behind it. Red vines are climbing the trees, there is a tower, and a cottage with smoke rising, two figures arrayed with singular care and taste though slightly painted, some yellow gleams on the water, and a few aquatic plants. M. Nazon does not work so entirely outside of nature as Corot, and therefore we may in some degree apply realistic criticism to his painting. His tree-sprays are wildly wrong, they bend about as wood cannot bend, they divide as wood cannot divide, and they neither express the quantity nor the lightness of the natural spray. He is really a colourist, however; his golden or orange skies and the glowing greens in his foregrounds, with the delicate greys of masonry or rock, are always admirable.

M. Gustave Doré, whose illustrations to *Atala* and *Don Quixote* have already proved considerable power in landscape design, exhibits this year a picture from Savoy, "Souvenir de la Savoie." Under a greyish-brownish sky, with a good deal of light in it, a torrent comes dashing towards us from the snowy hills which feed it. There are plenty of rocks and pines, and the water is furious enough to deter the very bravest boatman. The physical energy of the scene has, of course, been vigorously rendered, but painting of this quality will not bear the slightest comparison with first-rate work applied to a similar subject, as we have seen in Mr. Graham's "Spate in the Highlands." There is a coarseness of perception in M. Doré as a landscape-painter, which reduces even the force of his effects, and Mr. Graham's picture is by far the more powerful of the two, precisely because it is far more delicate. When a musician plays every passage *forte* his *fortissimo* is weak.

M. Pasini has an impressive landscape with a long title, "Cavaliers Persans chassant devant eux des Prisonniers de Guerre dans les plaines voisines d'Ispahan." The figures which supply the title are cleverly introduced, but the interest of the picture is in its landscape—a vast plain with a precipitous break in it, and mountains beyond, one mountain isolated and seeming almost infinitely remote. Scarcely any modern painter known to us has the sense of true sublimity more acute than M. Pasini; no other painter living would have got so much out of the dim distant crests in the "Courrier endormi," already described in this series of papers; and we can scarcely name another artist who would have produced such an impressive result from the appearance of a mountain rising beyond a broad plain like a far island out of the sea.

The Salon is a European exhibition, and many foreigners exhibit there, and are received, it is said, with a hospitality sometimes detrimental to native ability. Amongst these we find this year M. Vertuani, an Italian artist born in Naples and now living in Rome, who sends a view on the Roman coast, "La Côte Romaine, près de Porto d'Anzio." The materials are simple—a sandy beach with boats, one of them pushing off, above the beach a line of green foliage, low hills beyond, and an island in the blue water. The picture is solidly and well painted, and deserves honourable mention. A more decidedly poetical work is that of M. Foucaucourt, "Le Soir dans les marais Pontins;" a yellow sky, after sunset, very heavily loaded, pale grey hills, brown ruins, and water reflecting the sky. There are a few buffaloes, of which one is swimming. Above the yellow opening of clear sky the clouds are of a dull buff colour, taking light from the afterglow. This picture is exceedingly true in effect, and of unusual power.

After the absence of drawing and the dullness of colour in the works of Corot and Daubigny it must be refreshing to English visitors to meet with such bright clearly-designed painting as that of M. Penguilly L'Haridon. His "Protée et ses Phloques" shows more determined study of natural form and colour than is usual with French landscape-painters. Proteus is seated on a rocky beach surrounded by innumerable seals; before him spreads a wide expanse of sea, very beautiful and striking in its brilliant play of emerald and ultramarine; beyond the sea rise lofty mountains, warm in colour, with pale blue shadows, and very carefully drawn; clouds of a warm white occupy all the right and centre of the sky. Another artist who sees the brightness of natural colour is M. Masure, whose "Fréjus" expresses better than any other picture in the Salon the brilliance of a scene whose local colour is light, when heightened to the utmost by sunshine. Not only in this picture, but in others which we have seen by the same artist, there is an unusual observation of the play of vivid colour in rippling water.

M. Appian, who may be known to some readers as a very charming and delicate etcher, has cultivated in his oil-painting a style so peculiar that it may be doubted how far it is wise in him to give way to such decided mannerism. He is very fond of rocks, and seldom paints a picture without them, but he likes them best when they break through pasture-land, so that he may oppose their grey with green. His method of painting is briefly as follows:—On a rough canvass, thinly primed, all objects are first rubbed in with various middle tint, into this the darks are painted in transparent colour, and the lights loaded upon it. The first middle tint is not reached at once, but by different rubbings and scrapings. The effect is often very picturesque, and not on the whole disagreeable, but the artifice is too apparent. Still M. Appian is a very true artist, as his etchings sufficiently prove. He has much tenderness as well as force, and his method may have been adopted less from a love of trick than a serious desire to reach a

result not otherwise attainable. His pictures, "Le Village de Chanz, Savoie," and "Bords du lac du Bourget près de Châtillon," though not better than what we expected from him, are two of the most striking landscapes of the year.

Amongst other works which it seems wrong to pass without notice are "L'Arguenon à Marée basse," by M. Blin—an expanse of sand with a greenish slender stream winding through it, and some rising land beyond; and M. Jean d'Alheim's "Marine en Bretagne"—a very dark sea coming against a brilliant sky, the shore very massively painted and full of true texture. In M. Hippolyte Boulenger's "Marais à la Hulpe, Brabant," we have some effective autumnal colour with the gold of decaying foliage opposed to a glimpse of azure in the broken sky—an opposition familiar to us in many of the best works of Linnell, but always delightful.

REVIEWS.

LORD MACAULAY'S WORKS.*

THERE is always something especially interesting about collective editions of the works of considerable men. Great works like Lord Macaulay's History, or even eminently popular ones like his Essays, have a place of their own, and, so to speak, throw the author himself more or less into the background; but when we see a full collection of all that a great man thought it worth while to write down in the course of an industrious life, we get not only a collection of books, but something of a mental history of the man who wrote them, and this again is always a more or less valuable contribution to the intellectual history of the time in which he lived. Oddly enough, in the present collection of Lord Macaulay's works, his writings are arranged in what, chronologically speaking, may be almost called an inverted order. First comes the History, then the Essays and biographical articles contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, then the introductory report and supplementary notes to the Indian Penal Code, then a variety of juvenile contributions to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, then reports of Parliamentary speeches, and, lastly, a number of poems. The "Lays of Ancient Rome" occupy the place of honour amongst these, and the remainder are of very various degrees of merit, the best being the well-known lines on the Armada. The worst, we think, is the dreary production "On the Marriage of Tirzah and Ahirad," two antediluvians:—

The bravest he of all the sons of Seth,

Of all the house of Cain the loveliest she.

Tirzah was the she. It is a long story about the sons of God and the daughters of men, ending with an announcement of the Deluge which begins rather grotesquely:—

Oh, thou haughty land of Nod,
Hear the sentence of thy God.

It is rather to be regretted that this and some other early and occasional performances should have been reprinted. There are several election squibs, for instance, which were never meant for permanence, and a good many of the articles in Knight's *Quarterly* might as well have been left there. They would never have been republished by their author. Some, indeed, of the essays which he did republish from the *Edinburgh* were hardly worth that honour. Writing in periodicals had not become so general forty years ago as it has now, but every man who has occupied himself much in such pursuits must have written many things for which his best wish would be speedy oblivion. One advantage has certainly been gained by republishing all these essays. They show how steadily their author improved till he reached the full maturity of his powers. We do not think, however, that after a comparatively early period his mind continued to expand, although of course he was continually acquiring a larger range of knowledge. His best essays, those on Clive and Warren Hastings, for instance, are as good as anything in the *History of England*, and the faults of some of the essays which please us least, such as the review of Bacon, the review of Mr. Gladstone's work on Church and State, and the review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*, are faults of which both the scheme and the execution of the History show the permanence.

One of the most remarkable of all Lord Macaulay's performances is the one which is certainly least known to the public at large. We refer to his preface to, and notes upon, the Indian Penal Code. It justifies most completely its author's well-known remarks on the strange ignorance and indifference of English people, even of those who are otherwise well informed, on Indian subjects. There is not to be found in the world any piece of legislation so complete, so practical, and so scientific, and yet there is probably none which is less known even by English lawyers who have specially studied the subject. Parliament is at this moment feebly attempting to redefine the crime of murder, and in doing so is, as far as we can judge, making the existing confusion worse confounded, and reviving obsolete fictions by the use of awkward technical language, in spite of all warnings to the contrary. In vol. vii. p. 493, of Lord Macaulay's works, there is a discussion of the principles of the law relating to offences against the body, and especially of offences which cause death, which fairly exhausts the subject. The definitions of the code founded upon this Report have for many years had the force of law in India, and have

* *The Works of Lord Macaulay, Complete.* Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. 8 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

Palæography that broke open the lips of the Sphinx; that Assyrian Palæography has revealed the secrets of Sennacherib's States-archives. Yet the times are not so very long gone by when the cuneiforms of Darius, that covered the Behistun rocks, were considered the work of myriads and myriads of worms, and when hieroglyphics and their students were called sundry hard names. Now Phœnician and Assyrian vouch for each other on the same clay tablets; Greek and Latin are paraphrased by Phœnician legends; and the bilingual pendant to the Rosetta Stone, brought to light only a few weeks ago, proves to ocular demonstration the general correctness of hieroglyphic interpretation.

We had intended to speak also of the South Arabian (Himyaritic), the Assyrian (bilingual), and other newly-enriched provinces of these new sciences; but we have done enough, we think, to prove the profound interest and importance inherent in the studies of which Mr. Deutch has treated. We have only further to congratulate the Archeologists on the privilege of listening to a discourse on these subjects such as they cannot often hear. We really do not know where else they could get information such as Mr. Deutch has imparted to them, and brought down to the very latest hour. There does not as yet exist a single work, either English or foreign, in which the requisite lore even of old discoveries in the multifarious provinces of Semitic Palæography is to be found grouped together clearly and comprehensively; not to mention any of the numerous treasures dug up before our own eyes. But Mr. Deutch has caused the stones themselves, scattered to the ends of the earth, to speak in their own motley characters and tongues, and has succeeded in drawing from them such philosophical, historical, and scientific results as are obtained but rarely indeed.

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One of the most poetical of French landscape-painters, and one whose reputation during the last three or four years has considerably extended itself, is Nazon. His pictures, "Vignes et Ormeaux,"

and "Le Crépuscule," are notable for great power of colour, much harmony of tone, and a gracefulness of feeling which gives a lasting charm. In the first, a tranquil stream is spanned by the arch of a stone bridge with a rich golden light of evening behind it. Red vines are climbing the trees, there is a tower, and a cottage with smoke rising, two figures arrayed with singular care and taste though slightly painted, some yellow gleams on the water, and a few aquatic plants. M. Nazon does not work so entirely outside of nature as Corot, and therefore we may in some degree apply realistic criticism to his painting. His tree-sprays are wildly wrong, they bend about as wood cannot bend, they divide as wood cannot divide, and they neither express the quantity nor the lightness of the natural spray. He is really a colourist, however; his golden or orange skies and the glowing greens in his foregrounds, with the delicate greys of masonry or rock, are always admirable.

M. Gustave Doré, whose illustrations to *Atala* and *Don Quixote* have already proved considerable power in landscape design, exhibits this year a picture from Savoy, "Souvenir de la Savoie." Under a greyish-brownish sky, with a good deal of light in it, a torrent comes dashing towards us from the snowy hills which feed it. There are plenty of rocks and pines, and the water is furious enough to deter the very bravest boatman. The physical energy of the scene has, of course, been vigorously rendered, but painting of this quality will not bear the slightest comparison with first-rate work applied to a similar subject, as we have seen it in Mr. Graham's "Spate in the Highlands." There is a coarseness of perception in M. Doré as a landscape-painter, which reduces even the force of his effects, and Mr. Graham's picture is by far the more powerful of the two, precisely because it is far more delicate. When a musician plays every passage *forte* his *fortissimo* is weak.

M. Pasini has an impressive landscape with a long title, "Cavaliers Persans chassant devant eux des Prisonniers de Guerre dans les plaines voisines d'Ispahan." The figures which supply the title are cleverly introduced, but the interest of the picture is in its landscape—a vast plain with a precipitous break in it, and mountains beyond, one mountain isolated and seeming almost infinitely remote. Scarcely any modern painter known to us has the sense of true sublimity more acute than M. Pasini; no other painter living would have got so much out of the dim distant crests in the "Courrier endormi," already described in this series of papers; and we can scarcely name another artist who would have produced such an impressive result from the appearance of a mountain rising beyond a broad plain like a far island out of the sea.

The Salon is a European exhibition, and many foreigners exhibit there, and are received, it is said, with a hospitality sometimes detrimental to native ability. Amongst these we find this year M. Vertunni, an Italian artist born in Naples and now living in Rome, who sends a view on the Roman coast, "La Côte Romaine, près de Porto d'Anzio." The materials are simple—a sandy beach with boats, one of them pushing off, above the beach a line of green foliage, low hills beyond, and an island in the blue water. The picture is solidly and well painted, and deserves honourable mention. A more decidedly poetical work is that of M. Foucaucourt, "Le Soir dans les marais Pontins;" a yellow sky, after sunset, very heavily loaded, pale grey hills, brown ruins, and water reflecting the sky. There are a few buffaloes, of which one is swimming. Above the yellow opening of clear sky the clouds are of a dull buff colour, taking light from the afterglow. This picture is exceedingly true in effect, and of unusual power.

After the absence of drawing and the dullness of colour in the works of Corot and Daubigny it must be refreshing to English visitors to meet with such bright clearly-designed painting as that of M. Penguilly L'Haridon. His "Protée et ses Phœques" shows more determined study of natural form and colour than is usual with French landscape-painters. Proteus is seated on a rocky bench surrounded by innumerable seals; before him spreads a wide expanse of sea, very beautiful and striking in its brilliant play of emerald and ultramarine; beyond the sea rise lofty mountains, warm in colour, with pale blue shadows, and very carefully drawn; clouds of a warm white occupy all the right and centre of the sky. Another artist who sees the brightness of natural colour is M. Masure, whose "Fréjus" expresses better than any other picture in the Salon the brilliance of a scene whose local colour is light, when heightened to the utmost by sunshine. Not only in this picture, but in others which we have seen by the same artist, there is an unusual observation of the play of vivid colour in rippling water.

M. Appian, who may be known to some readers as a very charming and delicate etcher, has cultivated in his oil-painting a style so peculiar that it may be doubted how far it is wise in him to give way to such decided mannerism. He is very fond of rocks, and seldom paints a picture without them, but he likes them best when they break through pasture-land, so that he may oppose their grey with green. His method of painting is briefly as follows:—On a rough canvass, thinly primed, all objects are first rubbed in with various middle tint, into this the darks are painted in transparent colour, and the lights loaded upon it. The first middle tint is not reached at once, but by different rubbings and scrapings. The effect is often very picturesque, and not on the whole disagreeable, but the artifice is too apparent. Still M. Appian is a very true artist, as his etchings sufficiently prove. He has much tenderness as well as force, and his method may have been adopted less from a love of trick than a serious desire to reach a

result not otherwise attainable. His pictures, "Le Village de Chanaz, Savoie," and "Bords du lac du Bourget près de Châtillon," though not better than what we expected from him, are two of the most striking landscapes of the year.

Amongst other works which it seems wrong to pass without notice are "L'Arguenon à Marée basse," by M. Blin—an expanse of sand with a greenish slender stream winding through it, and some rising land beyond; and M. Jean d'Alheim's "Marine en Bretagne"—a very dark sea coming against a brilliant sky, the shore very massively painted and full of true texture. In M. Hippolyte Boulenger's "Marnis à la Hulpe, Brabant," we have some effective autumnal colour with the gold of decaying foliage opposed to a glimpse of azure in the broken sky—an opposition familiar to us in many of the best works of Linnell, but always delightful.

REVIEWS.

LORD MACAULAY'S WORKS.*

THERE is always something especially interesting about collective editions of the works of considerable men. Great works like Lord Macaulay's History, or even eminently popular ones like his Essays, have a place of their own, and, so to speak, throw the author himself more or less into the background; but when we see a full collection of all that a great man thought it worth while to write down in the course of an industrious life, we get not only a collection of books, but something of a mental history of the man who wrote them, and this again is always a more or less valuable contribution to the intellectual history of the time in which he lived. Oddly enough, in the present collection of Lord Macaulay's works, his writings are arranged in what, chronologically speaking, may be almost called an inverted order. First comes the History, then the Essays and biographical articles contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, then the introductory report and supplementary notes to the Indian Penal Code, then a variety of juvenile contributions to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, then reports of Parliamentary speeches, and, lastly, a number of poems. The "Lays of Ancient Rome" occupy the place of honour amongst these, and the remainder are of very various degrees of merit, the best being the well-known lines on the Armada. The worst, we think, is the dreary production "On the Marriage of Tirzah and Ahirad," two antediluvians:—

The bravest he of all the sons of Seth,
Of all the house of Cain the loveliest she.

Tirzah was the she. It is a long story about the sons of God and the daughters of men, ending with an announcement of the Deluge which begins rather grotesquely:—

Oh, thou haughty land of Nod,
Hear the sentence of thy God.

It is rather to be regretted that this and some other early and occasional performances should have been reprinted. There are several election squibs, for instance, which were never meant for permanence, and a good many of the articles in Knight's *Quarterly* might as well have been left there. They would never have been republished by their author. Some, indeed, of the essays which he did republish from the *Edinburgh* were hardly worth that honour. Writing in periodicals had not become so general forty years ago as it has now, but every man who has occupied himself much in such pursuits must have written many things for which his best wish would be speedy oblivion. One advantage has certainly been gained by republishing all these essays. They show how steadily their author improved till he reached the full maturity of his powers. We do not think, however, that after a comparatively early period his mind continued to expand, although of course he was continually acquiring a larger range of knowledge. His best essays, those on Olive and Warren Hastings, for instance, are as good as anything in the *History of England*, and the faults of some of the essays which please us least, such as the review of Bacon, the review of Mr. Gladstone's work on Church and State, and the review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*, are faults of which both the scheme and the execution of the History show the permanence.

One of the most remarkable of all Lord Macaulay's performances is the one which is certainly least known to the public at large. We refer to his preface to, and notes upon, the Indian Penal Code. It justifies most completely its author's well-known remarks on the strange ignorance and indifference of English people, even of those who are otherwise well informed, on Indian subjects. There is not to be found in the world any piece of legislation so complete, so practical, and so scientific, and yet there is probably none which is less known even by English lawyers who have specially studied the subject. Parliament is at this moment feebly attempting to redefine the crime of murder, and in doing so is, as far as we can judge, making the existing confusion worse confounded, and reviving obsolete fictions by the use of awkward technical language, in spite of all warnings to the contrary. In vol. vii. p. 493, of Lord Macaulay's works, there is a discussion of the principles of the law relating to offences against the body, and especially of offences which cause death, which fairly exhausts the subject. The definitions of the code founded upon this Report have for many years had the force of law in India, and have

* *The Works of Lord Macaulay, Complete.* Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. 8 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

answered there admirably; yet our legislators treat this fact with calm indifference, and go on cobbling the incoherent language of Coke and Hale, as if it were something too sacred to be ever laid aside. We must not, however, wander into a general discussion upon the subject of criminal law. Our present object is Lord Macaulay's way of dealing with it. Of all the numerous subjects which he treated at different times, we doubt whether any one suited the peculiar bent of his genius so well as this. He never, we believe, had any considerable connection with the practice of the profession of which he was a member. Politics and literature effectually withdrew his attention from it. Yet he had some of the qualities of a lawyer, or at all events of a jurist, in an unrivalled degree. He had in perfection that peculiar systematic logical way of viewing things which is sometimes described as the special gift of the Scotch, and sometimes as the great peculiarity of the legal mind. He could affix a special sense to a given word, and go on using it perfectly consistently in that sense, and in no other, throughout the whole of a long and elaborate inquiry. His theories on all subjects are laid out with the precision of a mathematical figure. Moreover, he was never imposed upon by a word. He knew precisely the meaning of every expression that he ever used, and never did use one which did not raise before his mind a perfectly distinct and well-defined mental picture. To these qualities, which are indispensably necessary for a codifier, he added several others which, if not indispensable, are at least useful in the highest degree. His unrivalled power of illustration—a power which in some of his writings he uses to an extent which makes particular passages cumbersome and ungraceful—is essentially the quality of a lawyer. It is, indeed, nothing else than the habit of putting cases. All his writings abound with instances of the way in which he uses this gift. He deduces, for instance, in one place, from the principle of passive obedience, the unexpected result that those who held it ought to have fought against Charles II. at Worcester, and against James II. at the Boyne; and he fixes upon Mr. Gladstone's principles about the relation between Church and State consequences, as to the course of duty of the English Government in India, of which it is hard to say whether they are more remarkable for being monstrous or for being inevitable. This power was invaluable to him in the work of codification, in so far as he used it for the purpose of ascertaining, with absolute or nearly absolute precision, what his real meaning was; but competent judges have doubted whether it did not carry him a step too far when it led him to add to each of the provisions of the code definite illustrations intended to make its meaning clear. Another admirable qualification which Lord Macaulay possessed for the task which he had to perform lay in the fact that, though he was a real lawyer, and had a pre-eminently legal mind, he was not in the least degree a slave to law. He criticized it quite as freely, and with as little respect for the special weaknesses and failings of lawyers, as if he had stood altogether outside of the subject. He was one of that almost infinitesimally small number of lawyers who take the true measure of the value of their profession, who can appreciate the great amount of practical shrewdness, vigour of mind, and general experience which it embodies, whilst they can recognise the numerous absurdities which have been imported into the system, and the fallacy of many of the theories upon which certain parts of it are founded. The result of this is that Lord Macaulay's notes upon the Indian Code possess a degree of general interest which attaches to not more than one or two other law books. They cannot be known too widely, for they not only contain information in itself valuable and interesting in the highest degree, but they show how law might be made one of the most delightful and interesting of all the branches of a liberal education, if its principles were properly investigated and exhibited with their leading applications in a philosophical shape. One of the most generally interesting of these notes to the code is the one which relates to the law of defamation. It gives the whole theory of the law of libel, and of the cases in which truth, and in which good faith independently of truth, ought to be a justification for defamatory statements, with a system, a completeness, and a power of illustration which we have never seen equalled elsewhere.

Though in some respects they may be considered as the most important of all his performances, Lord Macaulay's contributions to the criminal law of India will naturally be less known than his other writings. The code itself, like other performances of the kind, is founded principally on Bentham's speculations, but it is greatly superior to most other works of the same kind, and especially to the French *Code Pénal*, in the care with which its first principles have been considered and decided on. This is a work to which all legislators are averse, and which is simply impossible in a country like our own, where all legislation has to be passed through the two Houses of Parliament, and submitted to every sort of amendment and distortion at the hands of all sorts of people who are, for the most part, quite ignorant of the subject. We have noticed the subject rather more fully than the space which it occupies in Lord Macaulay's works would otherwise require, in the hopes of attracting to it some small part of the attention which it deserves.

Of Lord Macaulay's more popular works it is needless to say anything special. They are well known even to those who know little else. It may, however, be interesting to make a few observations on some of the more prominent of their author's doctrines upon the subjects which especially engaged his attention. It has been observed, with much truth, that Lord

Macaulay's writings on all subjects, and not only his writings but also his speeches, are distinguished in almost every case by a sort of abstract air. He passed his whole life in writing upon the subjects which interest people most deeply, and yet there is hardly to be found in any part of his writings a sign of any special emotion or any strong belief in particular principles or institutions. He was by no means cold. On the contrary, he was well known to be one of the warmest-hearted and most affectionate of men, and his writings are full of patriotic and personal feeling. He was an enthusiastic Englishman. He greatly admired William III.; he cordially hated James II.; but, notwithstanding this, it would be difficult to name any writer of our own day of anything like the same mental calibre who had about him so very little of the prophet or preacher. To use the cant of a particular school, he had no gospel at all for mankind, and did not appear to feel the want of one. He had authoritative, decisive views upon all kinds of subjects. He had a very decided opinion that, on the whole, the general tendency of things was towards improvement. Yet he viewed this progress without enthusiasm, without denunciation, and without any special emotion whatever which ever made itself manifest to his readers. He was infinitely less influential than a score of writers whom no one would think of comparing to him in point either of intellect, of learning, of power of expression, or of grasp of thought. We may take a single illustration amongst hundreds. In all the respects which we have mentioned, as indeed in most others, he was altogether superior to such a writer as Mr. Robertson of Brighton, so superior that there is a certain absurdity in admitting the possibility of a comparison; yet we greatly doubt whether the reading of Robertson's sermons has not formed an epoch in the mental history of large numbers of persons on whom Lord Macaulay's works have left no particular impression. If it be replied that Robertson was a preacher, and that as such it was his special function to work upon the emotions, it may be replied that the same observations would apply to Mr. Thackeray. *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair* are far more influential books than Lord Macaulay's History, though the degree of knowledge, mental power, and general ability required to write them was indefinitely less. This cannot be explained by the fact that Mr. Thackeray was a novelist and Lord Macaulay an historian, for the peculiar and distinctive features of Lord Macaulay's treatment of history were precisely those which he possessed in common with novelists. What was it then which deprived Lord Macaulay of the personal influence which one would naturally have expected a man of such varied powers and resources to possess? We should be inclined to reply that he had fully as much influence as a man thoroughly penetrated with his principles ought to expect, or even to wish to exert. We will try to give some sort of sketch of those principles, and of their more important applications.

Lord Macaulay's whole view of life represents, more perfectly perhaps than that of almost any other man, what may be described as the view of a thoroughly sensible, honourable, kindly man of the world; and we are disposed to think that his writings have done as much to incline people to accept it, or at all events to see its strong side, and to regard them favourably, as those of any author of our own, or indeed of most other, times. This view is by no means so simple as it may sometimes look, and is well deserving of explicit attention. Let us look upon it first on the negative, and then on the positive side. If examined to the bottom, it will be found to depend at last upon a determination on the part of those who hold it to acquiesce in things as they are, and to renounce the hope of making any sudden or very rapid change for the better in them. The fundamental doctrine of a man of the world is, The thing that hath been the same also shall be. People will not be much better or much worse than they actually are within any short time, or under the operation of any new or violent cause, and the recognition of this is the indispensable condition of such gradual improvements as are possible, and as are also sufficiently secure to make it worth the while of cautious persons to take the risk of trying to bring them about. This habit of mind is in one way positive, since it recognises the possibility of changes for the better; but its negative side is much more strongly marked. It implies, on the part of a person who feels it, not only dislike to the schemes and doctrines which on different occasions have most strongly excited the passions of men, but something very like positive disbelief in them, or at all events in any very marked and detailed ways of stating them. A man who takes this view will never be eager for new principles or new applications of old principles in morals, in politics, or in religion. He will be apt to be contented with what he has got already, and to be disinclined to part with it. When this theory takes the fervid poetical shape it becomes Toryism of the romantic order, and in that condition it has a great affinity to Radicalism, because the one idealizes the past as the other idealizes the future. When it is united with a cold selfish temper it becomes simple obstructive conservatism. "I am satisfied, why can't you all hold your tongues and let me alone?" When it is connected with sincere benevolence, a warm heart, and a high spirit, it produces a man like Lord Macaulay—a man who exaggerates nothing, who takes a moderate, if you please as cold and hard, a view of the world in which we live, and of the conditions on which we live in it, as the most selfish of mankind; and who, for all that, is not selfish in the least, but is, on the contrary, full of warmth, full of kindness, full of zeal for the principles in which he believes, and prepared to make great sacrifices to carry them out.

In all Lord Macaulay's writings and in all his political conduct the degree in which he was actuated by this temper is most remarkable; the more remarkable because the warmth of his disposition, and the somewhat florid character of some of his peculiarities, formed a contrast to the extreme caution, reserve, and general scepticism as to nostrums of all sorts, which formed the basis of his character. Thus, for instance, in all his vigorous advocacy of the Reform Bill, he never took a violent line, though he was quite a young man at the time, and carefully confined himself to arguing the question as one of immediate practical expediency. He says in so many words, in one of his speeches, that he has no general theory of politics, and does not believe in such theories at all. In his writings this temper shows itself much more powerfully than in his political conduct. It had no doubt a great deal to do with his preference for history over other pursuits for which he would appear to have been at least as well fitted by nature. No one can read his notes on the Indian Code, or the speculations which are dispersed through all his books, and especially through certain parts of his essays, without seeing that he had at least as much aptitude for argument upon moral, political, and religious questions as for narration. We should be inclined to think that his final and deliberate preference for history was due in a great measure to the conviction that it is hardly possible to arrive by speculative processes at results permanently satisfactory, whereas it is possible by careful study of historical facts to come to some sort of conclusions as to the practical working on men and things of the principles which we see in operation around us under a variety of different forms. In short, it was a love for the concrete, and a distrust of abstractions, which led one of the most square-minded, logical, and systematic of men to turn aside from speculation to the task of recording and describing matters of fact.

In all his writings, however, and with all his love for the concrete, the abstract temper of mind is always present. He liked history principally because he viewed it as concrete politics. In all that he writes he is continually thinking of Whig and Tory, Protestant and Roman Catholic. With all his genius for picturesque descriptions and his boundless command of detail he enters singularly little into individual character. He will give less of a notion of William III., or Marlborough, or Charles II. in half a volume than Mr. Carlyle would in ten pages. On the other hand, there is a greater body of distinct moral and political propositions in some particular essays of Lord Macaulay's than in all Mr. Carlyle's writings put together. His history is constantly little else than gorgeous description running into discussion. Argument, debate, moral or political controversy in one form or another, was the element in which he lived, and history was valuable as supplying an unlimited number of texts for such debates, whilst it kept the debates themselves from falling into vagueness.

The general character of the doctrines which he preached through the medium of his favourite studies corresponded exactly to the principle to which we have referred as the foundation of his whole state of mind. They are, with hardly an exception, moderate, sensible, and vigorous; but, apart from the energy with which they are expressed, and the earnestness with which Lord Macaulay himself entertained them, there is little about them to create enthusiasm. That the Revolution of 1688 was a happy event; that Charles I. was a great tyrant; that Jews ought to be allowed to sit in Parliament; that Mr. Gladstone wrote great nonsense about the relations between Church and State, and had no clear conception of the meaning of his own theory; that Southey's *Colloquies* are full of fallacies; that, on the whole, it was wise to pass the Reform Bill—these and other doctrines of the same kind, together with endless lively discussions upon particular individuals, upon Warren Hastings, Clive, Pitt, Walpole, and innumerable other persons, are what is to be got out of Lord Macaulay. It is all perfectly true, and, taken together, very instructive and important; but there is something disappointing in the way in which the greatest problems of all are quietly passed over as being altogether insoluble, or else are discussed in a thoroughly unsatisfactory manner, although it is impossible not to feel that so powerful a writer might and ought to have thrown much light upon them. Almost every one of the essays raises this feeling. Take, for instance, the review of Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State. When Lord Macaulay comes to give his own views of that great subject, they are very meagre, and it is difficult to avoid the reflection that the fact that they are clear, and that they admitted of being stated in a forcible epigrammatic manner, and not any real consideration of their truth, was the reason why they are stated as they stand. The whole of the theory is an amplification of one proposition—"We consider the primary end of government as a purely temporal end, the protection of the persons and property of men." It may be able incidentally to promote other good objects, such as religious instruction, and, if so, it ought to do so. Most of our readers will remember the long string of vigorous, well-chosen, well-cut illustrations by which this principle is enforced, and by which the consequence is deduced from it that the current modern notions about toleration, the maintenance of an Established Church, and other such matters are all perfectly satisfactory. The objection to all this is that it deals in no way whatever with the real difficulties of the subject. It is a mere statement of an existing state of opinion, as if it were an ultimate indisputable truth. Why should the protection of person and property be the sole or chief end of government? Does not the determination to treat it as such, and to organize the most important of human institutions with an exclusive view to it depend upon further views, positive or

negative, as to the objects of human life? Suppose, for instance, that it is true that the holding of particular religious opinions involves damnation or salvation after death, and suppose that governments can, as a fact, influence the religious belief of those who are subject to them, why should they neglect a matter so much more important than the protection of person and property? Again, is the production of good and great men, of a high type of character and a high level of happiness, a proper object for governments to aim at? The protection of person and property is, after all, only a means to an end; and why should governments regard part of that end only? Here we come upon the great fundamental problems of morals, politics, and theology, and Lord Macaulay has nothing to say about them. His silence on these great matters is the weak point of his literary character, just as the extraordinary vigour and massive thought which he delighted to lavish on matters of far less importance was its strong point.

UP THE COUNTRY.*

IT is a quaint illustration of the spirit in which Englishmen approach all Indian subjects that this charming book should have been censured for not supplying "information." There is a sort of notion—unhappily not without foundation—that India is hopelessly and irredeemably dull, and that therefore every book about it must be taken like a potion or a tract, not for amusement, but strict edification. The critic solemnly grasps his paper-knife, and heroically resigns himself to being bored, getting what consolation he can out of the reflection that, his martyrdom over, he will know enough about ryot-warry to astonish a feeble friend or country cousin, and will be appealed to as quite an authority should India be brought into general notice, and even tolerated for a few minutes at the dinner-table, thanks to a lucky squabble about land-tenure between Sir John Lawrence and the Indian Minister. Any one who takes up Miss Eden's book in this earnest spirit of inquiry has no doubt a right to complain that it does not furnish him with information. He is almost as deeply injured as the senior wrangler who, being induced, much against his will, to wade through *Ivanhoe*, asked in grave disgust what it "proved." Bentham got cruelly laughed at for saying that, under certain conditions, "push-pin was as good as poetry," but really it may be not only as good but a great deal better. If you happen to want push-pin, it is of little use offering you poetry; and there is no disguising the painful fact—sorry as we are to deal harshly with so genial and pleasant a writer as Miss Eden—that *Up the Country* is literally valueless to self-improving persons who want statistics about government or population. They may read page after page without getting a ray of light on the questions which seem to have been too much for even Macaulay's miraculous schoolboy, and may close the book in despairing ignorance as to "whether Sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or Travancore, and whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman."

On the other hand, there are perhaps less earnest spirits who will be disposed to take a charitable view of even this sad absence of valuable information, in consideration of the astonishing feat Miss Eden has performed in writing two volumes about life in India which are thoroughly amusing and readable from the first page to the last. It is a feat which only those can really appreciate who know from doleful experience how monotonous Indian life is, and who have helplessly succumbed to the difficulty of keeping up an interesting correspondence with old friends in England so barbarously ignorant of Anglo-Indian civilization as to require formal translations of such simple every-day terms as *puckha* or *chota hawree*. Even our authoress herself seems to have felt the difficulty, notwithstanding the success with which she has triumphed over it:—

My journal must be so very dull here that I am thinking of converting it into a weekly paper. We do not even give any dinners now (not that they would make any difference). I was thinking how much journals at home are filled with clever remarks, or curious facts, or even good jokes, but here it is utterly impossible to write down anything beyond comments on the weather. I declare I never hear in society anything that can be called a *thing*—not even an Indian thing—and I see in Sir James Mackintosh's *Life*, which I am just finishing for the third time, that in his Indian journal there is nothing but longings after home, and the workings of his own brain, and remarks on books; whereas in his English and Paris journals there are anecdotes and witticisms of other people, and a little mental friction was going on.

All this is strictly true, and yet Miss Eden's method of proving it is as puzzling as the old logical fallacy about Epimenides the Cretan, who truthfully declared that all Cretans lied. Her journal about a dull country is infinitely more amusing than nineteen out of twenty journals about interesting countries; and we can only solve the problem by concluding that she has something of the "faculty divine" which made her French cook produce admirable dinners in all sorts of out-of-the-way places where there was little to kill, and even that little too sacred for gridiron or stewpan. Wherever the camp halted, and however great the number and rank of the guests whom the Governor-General was suddenly called on to feed in the wilderness, the undaunted St. Cloup had always a masterpiece in the way of dinners or breakfasts at command:—

On Thursday evening, G. (Lord Auckland) gave a dinner to fifty generals and colonels, &c., and they say St. Cloup covers himself with glory

* *Up the Country; Letters written to her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India.* By the Hon. Emily Eden. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley, 1866.

by the dinners he turns out. They really are wonderful. I sent for him this morning to tell him so, and he is always very amusing, so like one of Mathew's negroes. "Si Madame est contente, il n'y a rien à dire, et assurément je fais de mon mieux, mais enfin qu'est-ce qu'il y a ? Pas de légumes, pas de fruit ; il ne faut pas tuer un bœuf, à cause de la religion de ces maudits Sikhs ; enfin j'ai de la poissière pour sauce. Mon Dieu, quel pays !" —

A cook of this kind is born ; he cannot be made. When civilization reaches the Comtian stage, he will have a temple raised to him. Now we can only eat his dishes, gratefully and reverently, with no profane wish to analyse them. And in the same spirit we do homage to Miss Eden's scarcely less miraculous gift of weaving a charming story out of materials which are a proverb for their dryness, and we have no profane wish to inquire whether her book does or does not contain really valuable information. We pronounce her, without hesitation, one of the greatest benefactors to India that have arisen in our day. She has rescued it from the imputation of being dull, and half its troubles arise because a British House of Commons, which would rather be massacred than be bored, allows half-informed Secretaries of State or grasping Viceroy to turn the country topsy-turvy, on the simple understanding that they are to keep all Indian topics out of Parliament. It is quite conceivable that *Up the Country* may induce a few of our legislators to prosecute further their inquiries about the regions to which it so pleasantly introduces them.

The greater part of Miss Eden's journal is taken up with accounts of her camp-life during the tours which she made through the Upper Provinces in the train of the Governor-General. We cannot bring her picturesque wanderings to and fro among these vast plains more vividly before English readers than by quoting the graphic passage in which she herself describes her position to friends at home. The passage is, moreover, on other grounds worth noticing, since it fairly entitles Miss Eden to a share in Macaulay's famous New Zealander. It was written at least three years before this illustrious stranger appeared full-grown in the *Edinburgh Review*, and made such a sensation in the House of Commons ; nor was Miss Eden at all likely to have seen the fugitive pieces in which Macaulay was gradually polishing him up into his present perfection. We may, therefore, accord her at least half—some will think the better half—of whatever credit Macaulay got at the expense of the New Zealander's original proprietor:—

This (Kynonze) is a great place for ruins, and was supposed to be the largest town in India in the olden time, and the most magnificent. There are some good ruins for sketching remaining, and that is all. An odd world certainly. Perhaps two thousand years hence, when the art of steam has been forgotten, and nobody can exactly make out the meaning of the old English word "mail-coach," some black governor-general of England will be marching through its southern provinces, and will go back and look at some ruins, and doubt whether London ever was a large town, and will feed some white-looking skeletons and say what distress the poor creatures must be in ; they will really eat rice and curry ; and his sister will write to Mary D. at New Delhi, and complain of the cold, and explain to her with great care what snow is, and how the natives wear bonnets, and then of course mention that she wants to go home.

However, in one respect, Miss Eden's position differed essentially from that of the coming New Zealander. Instead of being "in the midst of a vast solitude," she was in the midst of somewhere about 12,000 people, and many hundred horses, bullocks, camels, and elephants, the modest retinue of the Governor-General in his grand progress through India. They formed, in fact, a tolerably good-sized army, with infantry, cavalry, and guns all complete ; and once or twice, when they came to a poverty-stricken district, had to turn out of their way lest, like Xerxes, they should eat up the ground and drink the rivers dry. Of course a retinue so vast and dignified imposed the most solemn obligations in all matters of etiquette. Among the most humorous touches in the book are those describing the sufferings which the Governor-General's rank subjects him to at the hands of merciless secretaries, who will not hear of his unbending one inch from the proper magnificent routine. On one occasion he is kept walking about until he nearly drops from fatigue, because the Rajah he is visiting is a minor potentate, in whose presence it would be beneath the dignity of a Governor-General to sit down. On another occasion a frightful controversy arises among the secretaries because he is invited to go over a temple, and no one exactly knows whether a Governor-General is justified in taking off his boots, the usual mark of respect in entering sacred places. His rank follows the unhappy man everywhere. He sets out to take a quiet walk in search of a ruin, and is just sneaking off, as he fancies, unobserved, when a loud firing of cannons and marshalling of elephants announce that his native neighbours intend to accompany him in all state. And by state amongst natives is meant the most wearisome, cumbersome system of etiquette that Epicurus' gods ever invented to amuse themselves at the expense of poor humanity. With a native potentate out for a call of ceremony, it is a point of honour to go as slowly as possible, and he would rather die of starvation or fatigue than advance one yard further than the rank of his host demands. And the honour of the British flag rigorously exacted the same punctiliousness from Lord Auckland:—

If the Maharajah asks G. to any sight, or even to a common visit, G. cannot stir from his tent, if he starves there, till an "istackball" or embassy comes to fetch him. So this morning we were all dressed by candle-light, and half the tents were pulled down, and all the chairs but two gone, while G. was waiting for Kurruck Sing to come seven miles to fetch him, and Kurruck Sing was waiting till the Governor-General's agent came to fetch him, and then the Maharajah was waiting till they were half-way, that he might fetch them all. Then, the instant they meet, G. nimbly steps into Runjeet's howdah, and they embrace French fashion, and then the whole

procession mingles, and all this takes place every day now. If the invitation comes from our side, B. and the aides-de-camp act Kurruck Sing, and have to go backwards and forwards fifteen miles on their elephants.

Miss Eden bears all this etiquette, on the whole, with a fortitude highly creditable to her ; but now and then her womanly impatience runs away with her, and she describes with great glee the triumph she once had in carrying her brother off bodily to "go a fair" without the usual ceremony, and how a messenger came, breathless to say that "Mr. B. and Mr. C. were both half mad at the idea of a Governor-General going in this way, and that C. was actually dancing about with rage." These state visits to native potentates constitute the principal part of the Governor-General's programme on his tour, and introduce Miss Eden to the most singular studies of character and life. They visit one wealthy Rajah, the furniture of whose palace consists solely of a tiger and a barrel-organ. There is another who "runs to size" in everything, wears eight of the largest pearls ever seen, rides the tallest elephant, drives a two-storied carriage drawn by six elephants, and lives in a two-storied tent. Old Runjeet Sing seems to be Miss Eden's great favourite—indeed, he is such a quaint original old ruffian that she half loses her heart to him—and he is certainly, to our thinking, the hero of the book. She happily hits off his appearance as exactly that of "an old mouse, with grey whiskers and one eye." His favourite topic of conversation is the merit of intoxication, and he expresses deep disgust at the idea that books should be written objecting to drunkenness, declaring it "better that there should be no books at all than that they should contain such foolishness." Indeed Miss Eden is obliged to admit that he is "a very drunken old profligate, neither more nor less." But then, on the other hand, he is a great warrior and statesman, hardly ever takes away life—a miraculous trait in an Oriental despot—and is excessively beloved by his people. The description of his last moments is one of the best parts of the book:—

We heard of dear old Runjeet's death on Saturday. It is rather fine, because so unusual in the East, that even to the last moment his slightest signs, for he had long lost his speech, were obeyed. It is almost a pity they were, only one is glad that such a master-mind should have its dues to the last. But the despatch says that on the last day, the Maharajah sent for all his famous jewels, his horses with their splendid trappings, the surpêche and pearls given him by G., and ordered them to be sent to different shrines, with directions that the Brahmans should pray for him ; that Kurruck Sing (the heir) and the sirdars who were sitting round his bed burst into loud lamentations, and said, "What will become of us if you give everything away ?" And the Maharajah wept, but said it must be so. Then he ordered the Koh-i-noor to be sent down to the Temple of Juggernaut, but his sirdars again represented that there was not such another diamond in the world, and that the whole wealth of India could not repurchase it, and he consented to let that remain. But the distribution of jewels went on until the evening, and he is supposed, his newswriters say, to have given away the value of two crores of rupees.

But, though the authoress is chiefly indebted for her descriptions to her native friends, she gets plenty of good-humoured fun out of Europeans. "The gentlemen always talk about Vizier Ali or Lord Cornwallis, and the ladies don't talk at all," and she scarcely knows which of these two Anglo-Indian peculiarities to prefer ; yet she never seems to go anywhere without bringing back some comical trait of character or life, which is described in the happiest style. Everybody and everything is pressed into the service of good-natured caricature, or rather comes into it quite naturally, for the humour is rarely or never strained, although there is scarcely a page which is not enlivened by some touch of it. When an objection is raised to her inviting some dark East Indian damsels to join a Dorcas Society, hitherto confined to Europeans, she demurely asks whether "the black will come off on their work." She is at first rather shocked that her native guests should think a lady who dances "good for nothing," but hospitably consoles herself with the consideration that "they seem rather pleased to see so much vice." She complains that the solitary up-country officials are, as a rule, "jungled out of their manners," but still admits that there are many favourable specimens. One precise and gentlemanlike young ensign quotes "*Mr. Thomson's Seasons*," and an old general, who has completely lost his memory, is so polite that he very nearly forces her beyond the bounds of moderation by turning to her, at every pause in the conversation, and remarking with irresistible suavity, "And now, Ma'm, shall you and I have a glass of wine together?" She is not even severe upon the elderly lady—a genuine Anglo-Indian specimen—who is "an exemplary mother, has been a widow many years, and a grandmother many more, but who never misses a dance, and may be seen bounding through every quadrille with her three grown-up sons dancing round her." The book contains some ludicrous samples of "native English," and characteristic anecdotes of native servants, which, did space permit, we should like to extract, although it is scarcely fair to the authoress to pick out bits which sometimes owe half their merit to the natural way in which they arise out of the easy flow of her narrative.

Nor, indeed, is it quite fair to treat her work as if its chief or only merit were that it is amusing. It is something so new to find a book about India thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end, that this is naturally perhaps the first aspect that suggests itself. But, to say nothing of the really instructive, no less than pleasant, glimpses it affords of Eastern life, *Up the Country* has much more than mere humour to recommend it. We have already said that it is a work which one is more disposed gratefully to welcome than to analyse, but we may perhaps so far venture upon an analysis as to add that probably it owes

one of its chief charms to the gentle touches which here and there remind us of the writer's yearning for her English home. On merely artistic grounds, the quiet English home, with its simple life and small circle of loving friends, makes an effective background to the noisy pomp and strange dusky faces which surround the wanderer in the distant East. But its introduction is due to a purer and more pleasing source of inspiration than conscious art—to a genuine kindness and warmth of sentiment which lends so indescribable a charm to the writings of an English lady when it is combined with a genial sense of humour and a highly cultivated taste.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

IT is difficult to form an accurate estimate of a work which is necessarily denied the only testimony that would really stamp it as authentic. A volume composed almost entirely of memoranda of conversations between two persons ought obviously to be submitted to both of them before it is given to the world; but in the present case this was prevented by the physical impossibility of the book being laid before Mr. Davis at all, and the moral impossibility of his consenting to its publication if it had been. Whether, under these circumstances, an author can ever be right in venturing into print, is a point of conscience which we will not undertake to determine. Certainly it argues considerable boldness in Colonel Craven to reproduce the substance of long conversations without the revision, either in manuscript or in type, of the principal speaker; and it is hardly possible that Mr. Davis should not question the accuracy of some or other of the statements thus fathered on him without his consent. But we imagine that Colonel Craven would plead that much of what he gives in his narrative was repeated at different times and in different forms, and that he was consequently in a position to check one statement by another, and to supplement one day's conversation by his notes of those which followed or had preceded it. It is a further question how far it is honourable to publish statements made by a prisoner to the physician professionally attending him, or, from another point of view, how far it is consistent with the duty which the latter owes to the Government that employs him to give such statements to the world without first obtaining official consent. To both of these scruples Colonel Craven would probably have his answer ready. In the present case, he would say, "I am really promoting the true interests alike of the prisoner whom I have been visiting and of the Government which I serve. The conclusions which I have drawn from my intercourse with Mr. Davis have been eminently favourable to his character, and in making them public I am doing what I can to dissipate the errors upon this subject which prevail so extensively among my fellow-countrymen in the North. The truth, so far as it is made known, must do good to both parties. It will help to clear the reputation of a man who has been unjustly accused, and it may induce the Government of the United States to give him that fair trial which, from the very beginning of his imprisonment, he has consistently but ineffectually demanded. So far as my book has any influence upon events, it can only serve to hasten a conclusion to which the prisoner has always appealed, and which his captors ought long ago to have conceded." Into the precise value of this defence it is not necessary to enter. We are indebted to Colonel Craven's indiscretion, if indiscretion it be, for a volume of remarkable interest; and we will not further qualify the praise which, in this respect at all events, its author justly deserves.

We are loth to say much about the treatment that Mr. Davis has undergone during his imprisonment. It is possible that hereafter the American Government may in a measure excuse itself by the argument of necessity, and may urge that, if it had treated its captive better in the first instance or brought him to an immediate trial, the popular demand for vengeance would have been too strong to be resisted, and the first year of the restored Union would have been disgraced by a judicial murder. This, at any rate, is the only plea which we can conceive it possible for the Executive to put forward. It is not to be believed that any man not wholly blinded by party fanaticism can suppose Mr. Davis an accomplice in the murder of Mr. Lincoln, or believe that the President of the Southern Confederacy could have been animated by any personal malice against those unfortunate prisoners whom the politic cruelty of the Federal Government persisted in leaving on his hands. Putting these charges aside—and even these the extreme New England Radical must admit to be charges which the prisoner has been denied all opportunity of disproving—there remains only the fact of Mr. Davis holding the first place among the statesmen of the South to explain the ignominy with which he has been treated. A civilized Government has no right to single out one man from a long list of leaders, and to saddle him with the whole responsibility of acts for which others are equally accountable with himself. If Mr. Davis is to be put on his trial for high treason, why is not General Lee to stand by his side in the dock? Surely the right hand of the South is as guilty—or as innocent—as its brain; and though a soldier of an established Government may plead the excuse of having simply obeyed orders, General Lee's case is that of a soldier who has voluntarily offered his sword to a new and struggling cause. If there was to be a trial of any kind, all the civil and military chiefs of the Confederate States ought in fairness to have been arraigned together; and

if the good sense of the North revolted from the task of "framing an indictment against a people," it should have been above covering its retreat from an untenable position by the subterfuge of attributing the act of a whole community to the dictation of a single man:—

If [said Mr. Davis to Colonel Craven] the real purpose in the matter be to test the question of secession by trying certain persons connected therewith for treason, from what class or classes should the persons so selected be drawn?

From those who called the States Conventions, or from those who, in their respective conventions, passed the ordinance of secession? Or, from the authors of the doctrines of State rights? Or, from those citizens who, being absent from their States, were unconnected with the event, but on its occurrence returned to their homes to share the fortunes of their States as a duty of primal allegiance? Or, from those officers of the State, who, being absent on public service, were called home by the ordinance, and returning, joined their fellow-citizens in State service, and followed the course due to that relation?

To the last class I belong, who am the object of greatest rigour. This can only be explained on the supposition that, having been most honoured, I, therefore, excite most revengeful feelings; for how else can it be accounted for?

No doubt this discreditable manoeuvre may in a great measure be traced to the excitement created by the unhappy assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The disasters which every impartial observer saw hanging over the South as the result of that lamentable crime have been in part averted from the body of the people by the unexpected change in Mr. Johnson's policy, and they have consequently fallen with additional intensity upon the head of the one man whom the North has delighted to punish. The death of Booth was not considered expiation enough, and the demand for Mr. Davis's execution as the natural and fitting equivalent for Mr. Lincoln's murder probably forced the Government into making some efforts to appease the popular indignation without incurring the indelible disgrace of taking their prisoner's life. So far, therefore, as concerns his long detention and constantly postponed trial, it may be admitted that a formal injustice has covered a substantial benefit. We cannot indeed justify such patent absurdities as that of treating the logical development of an admitted interpretation of the Constitution as a crime to be punished, or of confounding the separation of a nation into two parts, each having a Legislature and an Executive of its own, with a mere lawless revolt against an established Government; and we can see no escape from Mr. Davis's position, asserted again and again in this volume, that the doctrine of Secession is in substance identical with the constitutional theories that had been most in fashion for years before the outbreak of the war:—

Believing the States to be each sovereign, and their union voluntary, I had learned from the Fathers of the Constitution that a State could change its form of government, abolishing all which had previously existed; and my only crime has been obedience to this conscientious conviction. Was not this the universal doctrine of the dominant Democratic party in the North previous to secession? Did not many of the opponents of that party, in the same section, share and avow that faith? They preached, and professed to believe. We believed, and preached, and practised.

But in spite of this we may believe that, if the Government had declined to except Mr. Davis from the amnesty, or had at once brought him to trial, his fate would have been very speedily determined either by a recourse to Lynch law, or by an equally ferocious misuse of the ordinary forms of justice. This being so, the executive authority necessarily found itself in a dilemma. It had to choose between the commission of an act of injustice and the risk of a great national scandal, and it preferred the former alternative. But the excuse that may serve for prolonging the imprisonment of Mr. Davis cannot be stretched so as to cover his subjection to wholly unnecessary suffering, and unfortunately Colonel Craven's narrative gives abundant evidence how largely this has been the case.

The two most interesting parts of the book are those which record Mr. Davis's views as to the political history and the social future of the defeated States. The cause of Secession was weakened at the very outset by the political necessity of making the capital of Virginia the capital of the Confederacy. This step had been opposed on military grounds by General Albert Johnson, who urged that "it would involve fighting on the exterior of a circle in lieu of the centre, and that as the struggle would finally be for whatever point was the capital, it was ill-advised to go so far north, thus shortening the enemy's line of transportation and supply." The importance of conciliating the several seceding States gave rise to numerous other difficulties. The President's first Cabinet had to be selected mainly on this principle. Georgia claimed the portfolio of State; Alabama the portfolio of War; South Carolina the Treasury; and none of the Ministers furnished by these States were fitted for the posts they had to fill. Mr. Memminger's timid financial policy was especially fatal to the cause. If, at the time of secession, all the cotton in the South—not less than 3,000,000 bales—had been bought by the Government at 10 cents per pound of Confederate currency, at which price the planters were "willing and even eager" to sell it, and sent off to Europe before the blockade became effective, it might have been held until the price rose to 70 or 80 cents; "this would have given a cash basis in Europe of not less than a thousand million dollars in gold, and all securities drawn against this balance in bank would have maintained par value":—

Such a sum would have more than sufficed all the needs of the Confederacy during the war; would have sufficed, with economic management, for a war

* *Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*. By Lieut.-Col. John J. Craven, M.D. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

of twice the actual duration; and this evidence of Southern prosperity and stability could not but have acted powerfully on the minds, the securities, and the avarice of the New England rulers of the North. He was far from reproaching Mr. Menninger. The situation was new. No one could have foreseen the course of events. When too late, the wisdom of the proposed measure was realized, but the inevitable "too late" was interposed. The blockade had become too stringent, for one reason, and the planters had lost their pristine confidence in Confederate currency. When we might have put silver in the purse, we did not put it there.

Mr. Davis's views of the future of the negroes are less gloomy than those often put forward in this country. If they remain on the plantations and are employed for wages, they will be found, he thinks, "a docile and procreative people altogether differing from the Indians, and not likely to die out like them." That they will be made to labour in some form or other he considers likely, from their constitutions being especially adapted to the climate. Colonel Craven objected to this latter view on the ground of his own experience when he had the care of the black and white troops in the Sea Islands, where he found that the negroes suffered more from climatic diseases than any of the white troops, "except those from the inland mountains of Maine." Mr. Davis, however, believed that this might be accounted for by the sudden withdrawal of restraint acting on slaves who had been accustomed to have their food and their hours determined for them; and "as to the health of the white troops, the excitement of war was in itself a prophylactic." As to their affection in some cases for their masters, a letter of Mrs. Davis to Colonel Craven gives a pleasant instance:—"On the ship a man was very abusive of Mr. Davis, when Robert (a negro servant) inquired, with great interest, 'Then you tell me I am your equal? You put me alongside of you in everything?' The man said, 'Certainly.' 'Then,' said Robert, 'take this from your equal,' and knocked him down." With land and negroes the profits of the cotton crop are so enormous that, in Mr. Davis's opinion, the material prosperity of the South must be restored before ten years are over:—

The land will not pass to any great extent from its former proprietors. They will lease it for a few years to men with capital, and then resume working it themselves; or sell portions of it with the same object, not materially decreasing their own possessions. When the country is quiet and the profits of the crop come to be known, there will be a rush southward from the sterile New England regions and from Europe, only equalled by that to California on the discovery of gold. Men will not stay in the mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire cultivating little farms of from fifty to a hundred acres, only yielding them some few hundreds a year profit for incessant toil, when the rich lands of the South under skies as warm and blue as those of Italy, and with an atmosphere as exhilarating as that of France, are thrown open at from a dollar and a half to three dollars per acre. The water-power of the South will be brought into use by this new immigration, and manufactures will spring up in all directions, giving abundant employment to all classes. The happy agricultural state of the South will become a tradition; and with New England wealth New England's grasping avarice and evil passions will be brought along.

The conclusion in this last sentence follows oddly and unexpectedly from the premises given in the sentence before, and we may hope that "abundant employment for all classes" will not ultimately be found inconsistent with "a happy agricultural state."

One of the most noticeable things in the book is the largeness of the field which Mr. Davis's conversations embrace, and the keen and varied observation for which he seems to have found time in the course of a very busy life. "He possesses," says Colonel Craven, "a large, varied, and practical education; the geology, botany, and all products of his section appearing to have in turn claimed his attention. Not the superficial study of a pedant, but the practical acquaintance of a man who has turned every day's fishing, shooting, riding, or picnicking to scientific account." A considerable part of his conversations related to the natural history of the Southern States. Almost his only recorded amusement is that of watching from the window of his casemate the exploits of the gulls and fish-hawks in the capture of their prey; and the nearest approach he seems to have allowed himself to make to a request was that he might be allowed a few ant-lions in his cell. "Placed in a cigar box, with some fine sand and a lump of sugar or a few dead locusts to attract the ants" (with which his room swarmed), "they would soon rid him of his insect visitors, and afford him, though on a small scale, the nearest approach to sport he could now have."

As to any details respecting himself, Mr. Davis seems to have been consistently silent. The one exception to this rule relates to the accusation that he had "preached and effected the repudiation of the Mississippi bonds":—

"There is no truth in the report," he said. "The event referred to occurred before I had any connection with politics—my first entrance into which was in 1843; nor was I at any time a disciple of the doctrine of repudiation. Nor did Mississippi ever refuse to acknowledge as a debt more than one class of bonds—those of the Union State Bank only."

"To show how absurd the accusation is," continued Mr. Davis, "although so widely believed that no denial can affect its currency, take the following facts: I left Mississippi when a boy, to go to college; thence went to West Point, thence to the army. In 1835 I resigned, settled in a very retired place in the State, and was wholly unknown, except as remembered in the neighbourhood where I had been raised. At the time when the Union Bank bonds of Mississippi were issued, sold, and repudiated—as I believe justly, because their issue was in violation of the State Constitution—I endeavoured to have them paid by voluntary contributions; and subsequently I sent agents to England to negotiate for this purpose."

THE SHADOWS OF DESTINY.*

IN literature, as in art, one condition is absolutely essential—intelligibility, or likeness to the thing portrayed. Any one can fling a daub of green upon the canvass and call it a tree, or drag the cobalt brush across the line and call it a sky; and any one who can write two consecutive sentences in tolerable grammar can manufacture what he and the publishers may, if they choose, call a novel, and send it out to the world as a written portrait of humanity. Work of this kind is easy enough; but to create a living picture, whether by words or pigments, belongs only to the careful artist zealously educating such natural gifts as he possesses, and using them with judgment afterwards. To write a rambling, incoherent, chaotic book about a few dummies separately christened is by no means to write a novel, properly so called. But this is what Captain Colomb has done in this tangled web of absurdity, the *Shadows of Destiny*. It is no more a novel than a mass of colours flung at random on two feet square of canvass is a picture, or than a heap of broken links is a chain. There are the materials from which a readable story might have grown up under the hands of a skilful writer, but they are only materials. And just as a cartload of bricks tumbled out at random by the wayside is not a house in which any human soul can take delight or find shelter, so the gathering together under one heading of a certain number of scenes, descriptions, characters, and events is not a novel, unless built up with art and judgment, and on some intelligible ground-plan. The Frenchman who meant to make a plum-pudding and served up plum-broth instead had all his ingredients right; he simply failed to make them into a consistent whole.

Captain Colomb makes one capital mistake at the very outset. His introductory story, which is simple and natural enough, dates back as far as 1759, while his real story begins and ends in the present day; and this also, for no adequate purpose whatever, passes over the space of time between six years of age and manhood. Thus the interest is interrupted from the beginning, and the same vice of fragmentary construction runs through the whole book. There is no such thing as concentration or breadth of light anywhere; for half the time you do not know who is intended to be the hero or heroine, or in whose fate you are expected to take most interest, or to what end plotters and counterplotters are working, or what moral features are supposed to be possessed by any one person in the whole gallery of incapables—for the good people do wrong things and the bad people do right things, quite impartially and indiscriminately. There is a fashionable mother, wicked, sphinx-like, unscrupulous, and inscrutable, with the uncomfortable property of turning up in unexpected places when least wanted. There is her idiotic husband, who conducts his own funeral and writes his own epitaph, and who is absolutely superfluous to every purpose of the story; a wicked schoolboy, who appears and disappears like a meteor, also absolutely superfluous; and a young gentleman, whom one expected to be the hero from the flourish with which he is introduced, but who fades away into smoke, and likewise becomes superfluous. There is a Gay Livingstone kind of man in the person of one Gaspard Griffin, who, of all the wearisome names belonging to the order of muscular blackguards, is about the most wearisome we have yet encountered; there is a deformed wretch called Puck, who also has nothing vital to do with the story; besides other passing shadows of no more intelligible state or calling. In fact, the whole thing is a grotesque grouping of independent parts, some of which are held together by the flimsiest thread of connection possible, while others are not held together at all, but float at random about the little teapot in which Captain Colomb fondly imagines he has raised his tempest. It would have been some advantage to the miserable reader vainly striving after lost threads if the story, weak as it is, had been told with clearness and simplicity of style; but Warren's *Lily and the Bee* was not a more wonderful bit of rodomontade than certain passages in the *Shadows of Destiny*, and the woolliest narration of Mrs. Nickleby was clearly woven compared to this. The last part of the last volume is a marvel in its way, something beyond what we should have believed a sentimental schoolboy of eighteen would have written in his most rhapsodical moments. And the fun is on a par with the pathos—perhaps we should have said sublimity; for, speaking of the *piers* and *knobs* marking the entrance to Sir William Monthitchet's park, the gallant captain gravely informs us that no pun is intended. And this one exquisite piece of drollery may serve as an example of all the rest. And yet the author is capable of better things; for, after narrating several small annoyances and hardships to which a little fellow admitted into the Infant Soldiers' Asylum had to submit, he says with rare simplicity and truth:—"To all these things the child submitted with the patience of unreasoning infancy, which blames neither the world nor fate for an unkind act or a hard fortune; but simply bears and forgets." If the book had been founded on such quiet nature and pathos as is in this phrase, it would have been a good and wholesome thing; and had the story dealt with barrack life, which is a subject of course thoroughly well understood by our author, the pictures would have been real and living. We should then have had something we could have understood, instead of, as now, one of the most unnatural and unintelligible tales ever created.

* *The Shadows of Destiny*. A Romance. By Captain Colomb, Author of "Hearthside and Watchfires," &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

To tell the story is almost an impossibility, more than ordinary skill being needed to trace out the windings of the scattered and tortuous backbone. It begins, as we have said, in 1759, with the great grandmothers of the real actors; and it is based on the dream of one Mrs. Barbara Vere Lamb, whose daughters, Edith and Maude, are to go a-visiting to their grand islands, Lord and Lady Eaglescliffe of Pevensey-Mere. In this dream Mrs. Barbara sees one of her daughters, Edith, carried off by a dragon, while the other, Maude, is the prey of an eagle; by a "shadow of destiny" is fulfilled by Edith's eloping with a young gentleman of the name of Griffin (griffin and dragon being interchangeable terms), while the other is wooed and won, not even so honestly, by Philip de Aquila, Lord Eaglescliffe—seven years old when the story opens and eight years the girl's junior—and left to die in shame and solitude, a desolate mother, but no wife, at her old home, Moate. Part of this is the substance of the prologue, and part comes as a retrospective explanation at the end; the prologue finishing with Edith, and the retrospection catching up Maude. After this little episode of a hundred years ago, the story skips over three generations, and begins with the admission into the Infant Soldiers' Asylum of a little fellow, son of a sergeant-major of the—Lancers, deceased, one Wentworth Vere Smith, who, however, was rightfully Wentworth Vere Lamb, and the descendant of the Rev. Wentworth Vere Lamb, son of Mrs. Barbara of dreaming memory, and brother of the two young ladies carried off by the eagle and the griffin. This young infant soldier you have to make out, through a very thick haze, to be the son also of Lady Eaglescliffe—the evil genius of the story, and a bold, bad woman, who does no end of harm to every one concerned. Then come on the scene a Mr. and Miss Rochfort, who take Moate, clean out a few rooms—by all accounts sadly needing cleaning—but leaving untouched and unopened certain others of which the keys are lost. It is evident that the old man knows something of the past history of the Vere Lambs, which, however, he handles as delicately, and with as much caution, as if the whole tragedy and disgrace had happened yesterday, and not a hundred years ago; diligently keeping what he knows from his daughter Alexandra, a romantic and imaginative young lady, likely to have disturbed dreams if she knows the past, or penetrates the mysteries of Moate. For the old house is full of mysteries. In the first place, all the keys are in the moat. Then a white headless spectre is to be occasionally seen flitting through the trees, or standing on the edge of the water, which, however, resolves itself into Puck for the one part, looking after his night-lines in his night-dress, and into a painted tin image for the other, pulled up out of the water by means of a string or wire—not very intelligibly explained. Then there is a trap-door behind a bed, opened by means of a secret spring constructed on the tumbler-lock principle, the open Sesame being *ora pro nobis*. There is a room left as it was a hundred years ago, with even the fragments of the breakfast left on the table untouched, and now one dense mass of dust and cobwebs; with various other adjuncts of romance and mystery according to time-honoured patterns. This is the house, then, to which Mr. Rochfort brings his daughter, and a very dreary, desolate, uncomfortable house it is.

Mr. and Miss Rochfort are, it is apparently to be supposed—but indeed we may be wrong in our interpretation, for the story is such an entanglement of confusion throughout, we cannot be sure of anything—the descendants of poor Maude Lamb and her faithless lover Philip de Aquila. At least there is a certain claim of theirs on the Eaglescliffe barony, constantly hinted at but never made out; and a child of Maude's is spoken of at the end. Gaspard Griffin, son to Lady Eaglescliffe the sphinx mother, comes to Moate, and falls in love with Alexandra Rochfort. For no intelligible reason he conceals his real name and calls himself Gaspard only, and not Griffin; and he conceals his religion, which is by family tradition Roman Catholic, by personal persuasion nothing; and he conceals, too, his place of residence—why, except to deepen some of the curious "shadows of destiny" pervading his life, it is impossible to determine. After he falls in love with Alexandra he insults her, in the same unaccountable manner in which he does everything else, by asking her to be his mistress. Then he loves her more honourably. Then, after a most absurd scene with his mother, who comes upon them quite unexpectedly as they are kissing each other at Moate, he has her taken to Pevensey-Mere, where he is perpetually kissing her and pulling down her hair, "to see how she will look," before the servants or his mother indifferently. Then he flirts outrageously with an old love of his, Lady Kathleen Percy, who has jilted him and married a miserly millionaire. Then he comes back to Pevensey-Mere and Alexandra—all in the rough hurried way in which he transacts his life's business throughout—serenades her as he supposes, goes to bed, and sleeps till late next morning; and when he wakes and gets up, finds that Alexandra has disappeared, and no one knows, or, if knowing, will tell, what has become of her. She had received a gross insult from Mr. Richard Griffin, the brother of the idiot husband, and so has run away over the fens. Fisher, my lady's maid, has been sent after her with a carriage, but fails to induce her to be taken even to the railway station; so there she is, lost, and Gaspard's repentance comes too late. And now the author, from being vague and shadowy to the most extraordinary extent, breaks loose altogether. Gaspard scours the country with his friend (and brother?) Wentworth Smith or Lamb, and finally arrives at Moate, still in useless pursuit and search. Through the mists of some thirty hopelessly

incoherent pages you gather dimly the doubtful fact that Alexandra is lying dead in her room; that Lady Eaglescliffe appears suddenly on the scene, as if she had been brought by a fairy in a car drawn by fiery dragons; that she and Gaspard have a personal struggle, very nearly a fight; that Puck, the deformed retainer, cudgels the young muscular blackguard soundly; and that finally he dashes into the room where his love lies dead—going by means of the trap-door and secret staircase—where he bursts into a fit of laughter, goes mad on the spot, and is consigned to the care of Wentworth till, it is to be supposed, a properly signed certificate gains him admission into the nearest lunatic asylum. A kind of postscript speaks of, and scouts, the report that Alexandra had been seduced by the chivalrous lover; but instead of saying this out in a clear or manly fashion, Captain Colomb prefers to tell it only by misty hints and innuendoes, the chief vehicle of communication being a piece of poetry, by no means of first-rate power, called "L'Abandonnata," which is written in Alexandra's handwriting, and in which she bewails the loss of her snood, her wreath, and her zone. Add to these characteristics of the book an advertisement slipped in between the leaves, setting forth how the "Shadows of Destiny Waltzes," as performed by the band of the Royal Artillery, and certain songs taken from the *Shadows of Destiny*, are to be had for so much silver coin at a shop specified, and we think we have said enough. Captain Colomb is doubtless a gallant soldier and a good officer, but he is no novel-writer; and we cannot but think that he would employ his time far more profitably to himself and his generation in studying the theory and practice of projectiles and rifled cannon, than in writing unintelligible nonsense about *Shadows of Destiny*.

PHILOCTETES.*

OUR younger poets are beginning to see the advantage which they may reap from the observant study of classical models. Tiring, not a whit too soon, of excessive subjectivity and word-painting, the best of them give tokens that they are emulous of that exactitude of language and perfection of form which we associate with the Greek drama. Mr. Matthew Arnold set his face in this direction when, some eight years ago, he ventured on the experiment of his *Merope*. Perhaps, however, it is rather to Mr. Swinburne's more popular *Atalanta in Calydon* that the fashion, if it becomes a fashion, will be attributable. Both these dramas are professedly after the antique, and though the latter has far eclipsed the former, each has had its share in preparing modern taste for the reception of poetic studies on the basis of classic legend. Nor, indeed, is this turn of the tide to be ascribed altogether to the influence of one or two eminent authors. Less known aspirants for poetic honours have for some time past seemed to be feeling their way along the same track in studies of *Iphigenia* and *Actæon* and the *Titans*, to which we have more than once drawn the favourable attention of our readers. In such cases it is sometimes in the critic's power to cheer onward a struggler towards the light; and to some such encouragement, possibly, this metrical drama of *Philoctetes* may be directly or indirectly due. Its author apparently prefers to remain anonymous, a sign perhaps of imperfect faith in his experiment; yet, unless we are mistaken, it will be clear from a survey of his poem that, whether he is or is not new to authorship, he is no stranger at any rate to the study and cultivation of poetry. In careful structure of plot, in classic chasteness of style and language, in nice and exact interweaving of part with part, in finish and completeness of the whole, the *Philoctetes* of "M. A." is worthy—and that is saying much—to be named in the same day with *Atalanta in Calydon*, although the latter is entitled to a marked precedence.

That subject, it is needless to state, like Mr. Arnold's *Merope*, was in some sense a virgin mine to work. On neither was there a Greek tragedy extant. In the existing legends forming the basis of each, our nineteenth-century poets might pick and choose what suited their purpose, and allow themselves more or less license as to alteration of incidents. It might seem that the *Philoctetes*, being ground traversed by Sophocles in an extant tragedy, was a more delicate subject for handling, and that, of the Sophoclean dramas, almost any other would have presented more scope for action and development. But herein perhaps consists not a little of the merit of the poem before us, that, though occupying the same ground as the Greek play of the same name, it is, by skilful seizure of a different point of time for the action, by license taken to change the chorus, and by the peopling of barren Lemnos, lifted from the uneventfulness of the original into a stirring and sustained movement. With "M. A." the rugged Lemnos is not the deserted island which is pictured by the Attic tragedian; as will be seen when we add that the chorus consists, not of the shipmates of Neoptolemus and Ulysses, but of Lemnian fishermen. Another inhabitant is a comforter of *Philoctetes*, by name Phimachus; and a bolder, though decidedly pardonable, nay even praiseworthy, liberty taken with the Greek model, is the introduction of a fisherman's daughter, *Ægle* by name, whose pity for the suffering hero has grown into love, and who imparts to the drama an element without which no modern poem can exist, and no ancient one can long retain its hold on modern favour. The *dramatis personæ* already enumerated furnish, it will be observed, sufficient interlocutors to admit of the play opening previously

* *Philoctetes*. A Metrical Drama, after the Antique. By M. A. London: A. W. Bennett. 1866.

to the time chosen for the tragedy of Sophocles—to wit, the arrival of the ship from Troy. Before this is espied from the outlook of Philoctetes, one half of the modern drama has passed in front of the reader, and made him familiar with the chief character, moulded to a large extent upon the Sophoclean type, but enriched with divers touches of a modern hand, and by a fancy that is fertile without being extravagant. This half contains, besides the choral odes responsive to or alleviatory of the somewhat Promethean groanings of the stricken hero under the new tyranny of Olympus, a fine description of the death of Heracles, told by Philoctetes to his would-be comforter, and a scene with Ægle which includes two or three of the most telling passages in the volume. Possibly the author caught his happy idea of introducing this female character from a passage in the Greek chorus (*Phil.* 696-705) where Philoctetes is likened to

παῖς ἄνερ ὡς φίλος τῶν ἡρώων, ὅταν ἐν μέρει ὑπάρ-
χοι πόνου, ἀνὴρ ἱκανὴν δακρύωνος ἄτα.

At any rate the introduction of this Eve into what is by no means an Eden is very felicitously conceived. Indeed it goes far to make up for the main shortcoming of the new drama as compared with the old—namely, the very secondary part played by Neoptolemus, or Pyrrhus. In Sophocles, this hero's repentance is the most noticeable feature of the drama. In the work before us he may be said never to have been a party to the wrong devised for Philoctetes. The burden of guile, deceit, and fraud is heaped on the broad shoulders and brazen front of Ulysses, about whom, by the way, there is a wonderful "consensus" among poets ancient and modern; whilst the gradual awakening of shame and contrition, which in the Neoptolemus of Sophocles comes very nigh to a Christian energy, has no place in the modern Pyrrhus. It jarred perhaps with our poet's conception of a character in many points heroic, to abase it as a preliminary to its exaltation; and, as before remarked, he gives us some makeweight, at the same time that he indulges his license to choose his own materials. In another point this choice is exercised with good effect. The *deus ex machina* introduced by Sophocles at the end of his play to influence the purpose of Philoctetes is seen by "M.A." to be a better contrivance for an Athenian audience than for English readers. Few passages in his book are better conceived or wrought out than that in which the dazed hero limps back from out of his cave, half doubting, though under a pledge to do so, whether to reveal the vision he has had of Heracles. The god appears to his old comrade:—

"The same," and yet great change
Was on him like a god. The old look of pain
So rolled away in radiance. White jets
And little spikes of flame shot in and out
The crispy locks immortal, interlaced
With rosy shuddering shocks and sheets of light.
And yet I saw the glories of his eyes
Were human yet and loved me, as a soft
Suffusion veiled their immortality.
Then his lips trembled and I heard a sound
As of a single bird in a great wood
With sunlight blinding down through every branch,
And utter silence else over and round.
"Comrade, well done; not vainly hast thou borne
Pain hand in hand with greatness. My old robe
Of agony hath even effect in thee.
But be thou comforted beholding me,
And know that it is noblest to endure;
So shalt thou reach my brightness."—Pp. 94-5.

In these lines, moreover, beyond their beauty of description and the tact shown in getting all the advantages of the "deus interitus" without transgressing the Horatian canon, we discern, if we are not greatly mistaken, the author's moral purpose in this drama. It is not hard to foresee that skimmers of a book which really deserves thought and study will take offence at the constant expressions of hate, contempt, bitterness, and railing which Philoctetes heaps upon the easy-living Olympians, and their selfish passion-stained ruler,

Between his cloudy cushions where he leans
Calm o'er that gray-green troubled earth below.

Nor can it be denied that more is made of this feeling in the poem before us than in Sophocles, although such verses as Sophocles' (*Phil.* 446)—

ἰππὶ οὐδὲν πω κακὸν γ' ἀπώλετο,
ἀλλ' εὖ περιστάλλουσιν αὐτὰ δαίμονες—

are a sufficiently suggestive text for a modern poet to dilate upon. In the pages before us, not only Philoctetes, but the mediating chorus and the old comforter Phimachus, are substantially agreed as to the preferableness of the old Saturnian rule to the existing state of things, and as to sympathy with the Titans in their abortive attempt to rid the world of Zeus and his Court. But the justification of this tone, avowedly brought into prominence, is the likelihood that it would be in men's mouths, seeing that thoughtful men must have been bursting with it in the old time. All the intelligent creation groaned and travelled in bondage to "gods many and lords many," who could not profit them when they prayed to them, and about whom the only consistent theory, looking at life as it went, was that they were far too much wrapt up in their own selfish ease to care for the hardships of mortality. Though a Sophocles might risk a charge of impiety by dilating on such a topic, it oozes out in such passages as we have referred to, and the weaver of a drama from the antique naturally catches the key-note, and gives free scope to what seems but a line or a shadow in the original. Undoubtedly "M.A." does enlarge on

The soft and sumptuous hours,
When the Olympians sate themselves to the core
On splendid passion, draining radiant-eyed
In their cloud-precincts all deliciousness (p. 20)

and makes much of their indifference to the "mere anguish of slaves." But this is both in keeping with the god-forgotten anguish of his hero, and, furthermore, is a piling-up of material for a grand contrast in the perfectness through suffering of a benefactor of humanity—even that Hercules whose godhead, attained by justice, sympathy, and endurance, is a sublime antithesis to the "insouciance" of Zeus. The latter could not satisfy the mind, whilst the former offered a field for legitimate worship; and so when Heracles inculcates "endurance," "patience," and, in the line,

Learn to forgive, though these deserve it not,

another distinct Christian grace, we cannot but think that the author's aim has been, by some such work of contrast, to weave into a consistent web the threads supplied by the lines of Sophocles quoted in his title-page:—

ποῦ χρὴ τίσθαι ταῦτα, ποῦ δ' αἰνέειν, ὅταν
τὰ θεῶν ἱκανῶν, τοὺς θεοὺς ἔρω κακοῦς;

καὶ σοί, σὰρ' ἴσθι, τοῦρ' ἐρίδεται παθεῖν,
ἐκ τῶν πόνων τῶνδ' ἐκλεῖα θέσθαι βίον.

If the gods hide away their faces in indifference to the good or evil of earth, the destiny of the creature is still to climb the ascent of duty, if haply he may win glory in the issue. Much of this accords with the tone and spirit of the ancient drama; enough so, at all events, to justify the modern imitator in putting expressions of dissatisfaction into the mouth of the old world at the impotence and base passions of its supposed rulers on Olympus.

Passing from the drift and scope of this new *Philoctetes* to its poetry, one is struck by abundant tokens of grace and refinement, and discerns a fancy fed on loving study of the ancient classics. The author has plied the "exemplaria Græca" to good purpose, and has learnt from them to a creditable extent that completeness in itself of each thought, image, and description which is to be found in a Greek poet's composition. As has been often remarked, our modern poets need nothing so much as this lesson to save them from that lavishness of fancy and ornament which cumbrous their sense and cloy the reader of taste. The volume before us shows advancement in this sort of learning, and, while in itself a work of power, grace, and finish, gives earnest of higher future excellence. It might perhaps have been wished that the choral odes had been executed in rhyming metre; this would have been a just concession to the claims of modern ears, and an act of policy which would have secured a double portion of attraction to the beautiful and chastely-wrought conceptions abounding in them. In this particular, imitation of the antique is best dispensed with, as must strike every one who reads the unrhymed choruses of Plumptre's Sophocles. Waiving, however, the question of rhyme, and the occasional ruggedness which we are inclined to attribute to the absence of it, we cannot but think that there is high merit in lyrics such as these, echoing as they do the old Sophoclean tones and cadences:—

And yet we reverence thee, O archer king,
Disrooted strangely now from glory's earth.
Because thou grewest once
Comely, and broad, and fair.
We have fed full on days,
And know in life a most unstable hour.
Man standeth for a little and he falls;
Therefore we give his pride
No knee or praising hands,
But if our aid in pain can solace thee
'Tis thine, afflicted king!—P. 6.

But even more worthy of the praise due to successful imitation is the only sample afforded us in this poem of the monostich, or single-lined, dialogue which is so distinct a feature of Greek tragedy. This, as all will recollect, is caught with wonderful power in the *Atalanta*. May we not say the like here? We cite the altercation between Ulysses and Pyrrhus:—

PYRRHUS. Being set to do this thing thy words are wind.
ULYSSES. Ay, and this done on Greece a bitter gale.
PYRRH. Justice is more than fifty armaments.
ULYSSES. When the Greeks curse, will justice fatten thee?
PYRRH. The brave do right, nor heed result like knaves.
ULYSSES. The blind ox butts the wall, and brains himself.
PYRRH. He is no hero who has pity none.
ULYSSES. And of a girl each wounded cur draws tears.
PYRRH. Wounded some day thou wilt thyself bewail.—Pp. 88-89.

How easily would these lines run into Greek iambs!

The longer speeches of the drama, too, would yield rich detached gems of poetry; such, for instance, as this in reference to the unceasing anguish of Philoctetes:—

There is change
When autumn sheaves all nature up in death.
Change in thine anguish none; for as this sea
Relaxes not her turmoil, though the rocks
Are full of summer, so thy pain endures
The change of seasons stabler aye than they.—P. 8.

Or where it is finely said of Saturn,

He had given away
One half his primal virtue in sheer acts
Of large creative kindness.

Or the fancy of Ægle that she shall sing of Philoctetes, after he is gone,

As a bird
May sing about a star that long ago
Beamed right down on her nest, but now is moved
Out of her zenith, on with other stars.—P. 50.

But, to do fair justice to "M.A.'s" powers, it would require that we should take such passages as the description of Ixion's exaltation and fall (pp. 33-5), or that of Jove and his brethren conspiring against Saturn (pp. 9-10). The Apostrophe to the Sun-god at the opening of the drama reminds us strongly of Talfourd's *Ion*, and all the passages where *Ægle* comes on the scene have much that recalls the happiest touches of that classically-minded author. Here and there a mannerism might be weeded out with advantage. The use of the adjective "eminent," with what Greek grammars would call a "genitive after it," though elegant in moderation, vexes the ear when repeated too often. But such blemishes will vanish with that study and practice to which "M.A." is not even now a stranger, and in which he will, we trust, persevere. The classical field is open and untried. Let him pursue his researches amongst its treasures, and go on to delight his generation with fresh studies "from the antique" as truthfully conceived as his *Philoctetes*.

THE ST. ALBAN'S CHRONICLES.*

WE have no fault to find on the score of historical knowledge and research with the style in which the series of Chronicles issued under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls are edited and printed. Nearly all the volumes are carefully and laboriously executed, and the persons to whose care they have been entrusted have either commenced their tasks with the requisite amount of information, as well as with skill and sagacity sufficient for their due execution, or have acquired these qualifications in the course of producing them. The most fastidious critic must admit that they are the results of time and attention, bestowed on the different subjects treated of, not from motives of gain, but from an absorbing interest in the subjects themselves.

The third and most interesting volume of the St. Albans' Chronicles, recently published by Mr. Riley, forms no exception to the meed of praise which we consider due to the series as a whole. The skill with which he has separated the documents, and united scattered portions of dispersed MSS., as well as the sagacity exercised in conjecturing the authorship of some or disproving the received accounts of the authorship of others, is shown in a way which those only can judge of who will take the trouble to follow him through the somewhat dull disquisitions in his prefaces. But, after admitting all this, as we do most thankfully, we do not hesitate to add that there is one defect which we have observed in several instances, and upon which, though it is less conspicuous in this volume than in some others of the series, we wish to enlarge. For the production of such original documents as form the staple of this series it is necessary to have editors who are first-rate scholars as well as first-rate historians. There is more than one contributor to the series who may fairly be spoken of under either of these designations, but there are several whose scholarship seems to us not to be up to the required mark. We are far from saying that this is an accurate description of the present case. We prefer stating our opinion in the form that scholarship is Mr. Riley's weakest point. Indeed some of his remarks and suggestions appear to us to be very scholarlike; whilst a fault in this point is occasionally apparent in the comments that he has made, and is still more conspicuous in the absence of comment on difficult or obscure passages.

But before we proceed to illustrate the charge we are making, by adducing particular instances of its application, we wish to draw attention to what seems to us a great error of judgment into which Mr. Riley, in common with other editors on the staff of the Master of the Rolls, has fallen, and we do so in the hope that what we have to say may lead to the issue of a general order on the subject. We allude to the practice, adopted by some of the editors in this series, of printing the original MS. with corrections of what appear to the editor evident mistakes, and chronicling the original reading, which is judged to be an error whether of handwriting or of grammatical knowledge, at the foot of the page. We have no hesitation in saying that the exactly opposite course ought to have been adopted. Whatever may be said as regards the printing of drafts of writings which have afterwards been polished and rewritten, or in a case where two or more MSS. of equal or even of distinctly unequal value exist, there can at least be no doubt that when the MS. is unique, as is the case with the *Opus Chronicorum*, it ought to be represented exactly in print, with all its faults and errors, whether of carelessness or design. It must not be thought a matter of small consequence whether the reading of the MS. appears in the text or in a foot-note. In the first place, if the reading of the original were allowed to appear in the text, there would in many cases be no occasion to add a note of correction. Thus, such spellings as *opidum*, *aparatus*, *comodo*, or *contas*, might be left alone as errors of writing, quite common at the period, as the most inexperienced reader would gather from

the mere fact of their frequent repetition, and which no editor in such a series as this need trouble himself to comment upon. As regards other words which are mere slips of the pen, an editor might well be allowed a discretion as to whether he would call attention to the fact by the insertion of a (*sic*) in the text or by the addition of the word intended in a note. These volumes are in all cases so accurately printed that we should ourselves prefer leaving unnoticed such evident blunders of handwriting or copying as *inadus* for *invidis*, *fecilus* for *felicius*, and the like; and we think there is not a single editor connected with this series who could not well afford, on the score of reputation for accuracy, to follow this method. However, the principal reason for the recommendation we are giving is not the wish to save the addition of notes at the foot of the page, or to avoid disfiguring the text by the constant insertion of a (*sic*), to call the attention of the reader to the fact that the mistake is to be credited to the original writer and not to the modern editor. A much more serious objection exists in the impossibility of adhering consistently to the method which has been adopted by Mr. Riley, and of which we are complaining. The present editor has frequently found himself obliged, in the course of his first sixty pages to which the *Opus Chronicorum* extends, to print the reading of the MS. as it were under protest, and with a foot-note, "*Sic in orig.*" And if this objection is in point as regards single words, it has manifold force in reference to sentences where the construction is doubtful. Every one at all conversant with these matters knows how such passages abound in our old chronicles, and how numerous are the passages of which it is impossible to say whether the writer has written what he intended to write, or of which, if the reading is pretty certain, it is difficult to find the true interpretation. Now this is just the point where good scholarship is brought into play. And we venture to think that the inconsistency we have referred to in itself indicates some failure in this point. Before we proceed to say more of this particular fault as exhibited in the volume before us, we venture to suggest that in all future issues of documents of this class, or at least in the case of autographs, directions should be given to editors to print an exact copy of the MS., the editor being allowed full liberty to propose his own emendations or suggestions as foot-notes. A timid editor might be allowed to call attention to an error in such an instance as *corruptum* or *opido*, to show that he has not inadvertently passed over an error of the press; whilst one whose reputation for accuracy was tolerably established, or who was more regardless of the criticism of inexperienced readers, would simply leave these passages alone, and confine his explanations to passages where there was a real difficulty which required some scholarlike power to be used in its elucidation or correction.

As a first instance in which the editor has been obliged to follow his MS., and which thus illustrates the charge of inconsistency that almost necessarily attaches to the plan which he in common with others has adopted, we select the sentence at p. 50—"Nox infidelitatis expellitur, irarum atque discordiarum propelluntur." Now there can be no doubt that one of the two words *procella* or *tempestates* has been accidentally omitted by the transcriber. And here Mr. Riley has very properly called attention to the fact that apparently some word is wanting. We think it is an editor's business to suggest the proper word; but we do not find fault with the reticence, but with the inconsistency into which he is forced by his unwillingness to foist into the text a word which he is not absolutely certain was intended by the writer. The very next page presents us with a sentence which illustrates in a single word the kind of error which Mr. Riley does, and the kind which he does not, correct in his text. The passage is as follows:—"Concidebant inter corruentes catervas vulnerati, quemadmodum segetes cum ex falcatoribus agrediuntur." To improve the text the editor has printed *aggrediuntur*, but though the spelling is thus rendered classical, the construction is still after monkish fashion, the deponent verb being used as a passive.

We have spoken of Mr. Riley as appearing to us occasionally somewhat deficient in scholarship. He has made a few unfortunate suggestions, and he has left some unconstruable sentences without any notice. We still confine our remarks to the *Opus Chronicorum*, because this chronicle is unique, and what we have already said applies with more force to this than to many other portions of the volume. And first let us notice the suggestion of Comite for Comes, at p. 15, in the sentence, "Quo audito, Comes Glovermie incanduit ejus indignatio." This is simply the substitution of an almost impossible ablative absolute for an awkward *nominativus pendens*, though even here it might have been worth the editor's while to fortify the evidence for his opinion by adducing the parallel passage at p. 38, "Quo audito, Neulino, ipse, &c." Again, there was certainly no occasion to call attention to the reading "*triginta duo millia libras*," for instances of similar construction may be found in classical Latin. On the other hand, we think the editor should have risked his reputation for scholarship in occasional suggestions as to what words have been omitted, or what alterations would have brought the sentence into the form which the writer probably intended. We observe, for instance, such words as *validudo*, p. 42, *jocunditatis*, p. 42, *adhibite*, p. 31, left unnoticed, whilst the same remark applies to several sentences which are entirely ungrammatical, though their meaning is tolerably clear. One of these passages seems to us somewhat suggestive as to the MS. being a copy from some previously written document. At the bottom of p. 47 we have a new heading of a paragraph, "*Rex Edwardus multos liberos habuit.*" The paragraph itself begins as follows—"Ex nobilissimâ Regina

* *Chronica Monasterii S. Albani, Johannis de Trokelowe et Henrici de Bunsford, Monachorum S. Albani, necnon quorundam anonymorum Chronica et Annales, regnantibus Henrico Tertio, Eduardo Primo, Eduardo Secundo, Ricardo Secundo, et Henrico Quarto.* Edited by Thomas Henry Riley, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. A.D. 1259-1296; 1307-1324; 1392-1406. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

Anglie, vocabulo 'Alianora' que tempore illo omnes mulieres precessit in sapientiâ et prudentiâ, genuit autem ei quinque filios et sex filias." Now it is plain that either the heading was meant to be repeated in the paragraph, or the heading itself forms part of the paragraph; and in either case it looks like a copy which has carelessly omitted the words which appeared twice in the original, or which, appearing once, were meant to do duty in both capacities. If the latter suggestion be adopted, there is one other passage which bears out the conjecture. It is at p. 32. We will print it just as Mr. Riley has produced it:—"Ipse Soldanus sanum consilium ipsius commendabat, et amplius verebatur. '*Sanum consilium Edwardi omnes approbant.*' Sapientis animi effectum, optimi consilii profectum, laudare indesinenter debens, nunc ergo te Tertium habemus, cui tantum culmen honoris promittitur. Festina ergo," &c. To the last two words Mr. Riley adds a note—"This appears to be an apostrophe on behalf of Edward's followers." Now there can be no doubt that this is so; but there can be no question that the apostrophe begins three lines earlier with the word *Sapientis*, and we venture further to suggest that, if the line printed in italics as the heading of the chapter had been incorporated in the text, the whole would have run more smoothly, though every difficulty, we admit, would not have been entirely removed. We throw this out as a suggestion, not feeling by any means sure of its truth. The editor himself suggests that "the *Opus* was compiled from contemporary notes put together while events were still in progress, and before the whole truth was fully known; the statements thus coming down to future hands in an uncorrected state." It seems probable therefore that the passages upon which we have been commenting were exactly transcribed from a previous document, and thus it is possible that the editor, if he had used a little more critical acumen, would have strengthened a conclusion which he had arrived at by independent evidence. We have confined our attention to one portion of this valuable volume, and have criticized that portion only from one point of view. We reserve our notice of the remaining portions of the work, and the mode in which they have been produced, for a future opportunity.

POETRY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

THE Americans are, as we all know, much addicted to occasional poetry in one shape or another, and the late war provoked them to the composition of a very considerable mass of it. The editor of the present volume thinks "it was inevitable that it should be so, from the education of the people who were the actors in the strife, from their general ability not only to write and read, but to express themselves with readiness, and from their acquaintance with the rich poetical literature of the Mother-country." It is not by any means certain that education and readiness of expression, especially that very peculiar kind of readiness for which the Americans have become rather too famous, afford reasons for expecting a profusion of verse compositions even in exciting times. Education probably tends to check rather than to encourage a disposition to versifying. It is among rude races that the most vigorous martial poetry is commonly found to originate and to flourish. But Mr. White's patriotism may have made him willing both to think the poetry of the war better than it is (as poetry), and to attribute its merits and its abundance to the education which is one of the chief boasts of his country. His volume is sufficiently interesting to be well worth dipping into. Though evidently a very strong Unionist indeed, and, we are sorry to say, with strong prejudices about the conduct of England during the war, still he has made his selection with thorough impartiality. Besides the poems that were written on his own side, he has given us three or four sets of verses that appeared in English newspapers, and an appendix composed of "Rebel Poetry." Of course it is not very difficult for a writer to be impartial under such circumstances. It is intelligible that a Northerner should read with the profoundest complacency the effusions either of unfriendly foreigners or of defeated enemies in his own country. It must be rather a pleasure to him than anything else to go over the expressions of frantic and resolute hatred to which the poets of the unlucky South gave utterance. But Mr. White has been impartial and catholic in another way than by quoting the verses of those whom he thought in the wrong. He has published at least one poem coming from them of his own household which he feels to be exceedingly disgraceful and revolting. He deserves great credit for this, because such a piece is invaluable as showing the virulence of the animosity which the war aroused in some breasts, and to the student of history this is a most interesting thing to know. Mr. White says of the verses in question that "they are the expression, gross and fiendish though it be, of a feeling excited in some people by the language of most, and the acts of many, of the rebels during the war." It is well known that the Americans can use strong language upon occasion, and some of the stanzas in this amazing piece are not inconsistent with the common notion on the subject. The writer, among other amenities, bursts out in the following devout ejaculation:—

Were you littered, whelps inhuman,
To bay great freedom's climbing moon?

* Poetry, Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical, of the Civil War. Selected and Edited by Richard Grant White. New York: The American News Company. 1866.

Abortions of the womb of woman!
Dear saints in heaven! a boon, a boon!
Curse me now, each foul hyena,
Charnel burglar, ghoul or worse;
Make his leprous body leaner
Than a three-months' buried corpse.

In each joint's articulation,
Plant an anguish fixed and sore;
Through the ducts of circulation,
Madness and delirium pour.
In idiot frenzy let him tattle,
How he rided loyal graves;
Let his limbs with palsy rattle,
Like a gibbet swinging knives.

Pain and spasm lancinating,
Fill his days and nights with moans;
Cramp and rack excruciating,
Twitch his cursed coward bones.
In foretaste of meed hereafter,
Mock his fevered thirst with streams;
Let him hear hell's goblin laughter,
In convulsed and nightmare dreams.

By disease's vitiation,
Corrupt his scoundrel carcass more;
Loathsome forms of suppuration—
Abscess, ulcer, cancerous sore.
In his own putrescence stilled;
By a gangrene agonized;
Horrors of the graves he's rided,
In his own flesh—vitalized.

Let him—seeming dead—but lying
In trance's awful consciousness,
Yield the grave its rights—undying—
Corruption claiming its redress.
With his death-glazed sight, beholding
All the dark funeral show;
Feeling living fibre mouldering,
And the crawling worms also.

It is just to say that this is the only example of its kind which the editor has found among "loyal writers." And the Americans have shown themselves so far removed from anything like bloodthirstiness or cruelty that they can very well afford to let us laugh at such a truculent outburst. The Southerners were not at all backward in returning any lyrical compliments. "Foul mudsills," "scum and rowdies, thieves, vagabonds, and all," "creatures of a sordid clown," "hucksters from your markets, bigots from your caves," are a few among the titles by which the Unionists were hailed. One poet invites his country's enemies thus:—

Well, come each Yankee white man,
And take a negro wife;
You'd make fit black companions—
Black heart joined to black skin:
Such unions would be glorious;
They'd make the devil grin.

Among the verses which the editor has put into the Appendix is an epigram on the gentleman who is making up for his sorry success as a general by his bitterness and impertinence to England:—

Whilst Butler plays his silly pranks,
And closes up New-Orleans' banks,
Our Stonewall Jackson, with more cunning,
Keeps Yankee Banks forever running.

It is not surprising to find that all the songs which were most widely popular are those which have least idea or thought in them. What is required in a song for soldiers or for the crowds in the street is scarcely more than a good swinging rhythm and an easy chorus. What the editor justly calls "that nonsensical farrago"—"Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave"—is an instance of this. So is another which Mr. White prints from a street broadside, distinguished as he says by "a vigorous and spirited melody with a well-marked rhythm which was particularly good in the chorus":—

The army is gathering from near and from far;
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong;
We'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along;
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong;
For God and our country we are marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song;
With courage and faith we are marching along.

Chorus—Marching along, &c.

Of course the name of McClellan had to be changed in consequence of circumstances over which he had no control; and so, unhappily, had a good many other names which succeeded his as objects of the popular enthusiasm. Mr. White publishes another song which he says was the most constantly sung of all the pieces the war produced, except "John Brown." "Sitting with open windows one evening in the summer of 1863," he says, "I heard this air at intervals of not more than five minutes (it seemed without intermission) from eight o'clock until long after midnight." Everything in these cases depends on the music, but apart from the accompaniment there are one or two stanzas in it which might well make it popular, and which are interesting as a fair type of the kind of sentiment which suits the popular taste, both in America and elsewhere:

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at your feet?
O, how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

Chorus—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain;
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!

Chorus—Weeping, sad, &c.
But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way!
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free!

Chorus—Weeping, sad, &c.

There were no less than twelve hundred songs sent in to the committee appointed at the commencement of the war, "for the somewhat absurd purpose," as our editor too mildly calls it, "of obtaining a National Hymn." Mr. White favours us with a few of them; but they are all full of the trite ideas and fine phrases that we might expect from the people who would write a National Hymn to order. There is a great deal of the everlasting marching along in them all. A lady begins her battle-hymn thus:—

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

"Terrible swift" does not sound very nice, and one gets very tired of the four refrains that follow—"His day is marching on," "Since God is marching on," "Our God is marching on," and so forth. The next poet makes neither John Brown nor the Creator go marching along; he is content to keep telling us half a dozen times that—

Yes, Columbia, great and strong
Shall for ever lead the van,
As the nations sweep along,
To fulfil the hopes of man!

Among other pieces sent in was a parody by Mr. White himself of the style of Mr. Emerson. It is a singularly easy style to parody, and the writer has done it easily. He calls his verses "Union":—

Individual several, indisintegrative whole!
Corporal nationality, national soul!
Matter indistinguishable, immaterial seen!
End of all means, of all ends mean!
Of sempiternal potency, preëxistent power!
Sweet of our bitter, of our sweetness sour!
Of Bancombe progenitor, issue of old Ops,
Live thou upon thy Bancombe, die he within thy chops!
Inassiparous symbol of politic etern,
Securing Uncle Sam what's hisn, and every State what's hern,
Of strength redintegrative, of pulchritude e'er fresh,
Secesh were not without thee, and with thee no secesh!

Thus, end of thy beginning, beginning of thy end,
Ample power to break bestowing, reserving power to mend,
Self-destructor, self-producer, thou hast pluck and strength enough
To cuff well all thy enemies, were thy enemy not Cuff.

There is also a parody of Canning's well-known song in the "Universal Cotton-Gin," thus:—

He journeyed all creation through,
A pedlar's wagon trotting in;
A haggard man of sallow hue,
Upon his nose the goggles blue,
And in his cart a model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

The parody of "The Fine Old English Gentleman" has a certain vigour, but is too much defaced with that bastard kind of fun with which we are familiar in street niggers. The first verse is as good, or as bad, as the others:—

Down in a small Palmetto State the curious ones may find,
A ripping, tearing gentleman, of an uncommon kind,
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap, who takes his whiskey straight,
And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate vengeance which a
clergyman of high standing has assured must be a sinner's fate:
This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

In the serious pieces, it would be easy to take each one and show that it is not up to the highest artistic mark. The images are too often strained and monotonous, the phrases inflated, the rhythm rough. But if we take them in a mass, and consider their purity and elevation of patriotic sentiment, they promise nobler things for the land in which they have been written than any amount of æsthetic perfection would have done. One laughs at occasional bits of the besetting sin of spread-eagleism, but it may be hoped that this old Adam will eventually be purged, and that a simpler

and loftier pride of country will take its place. There is much religiousness about the new form and expression of American patriotism. There is no cant, no mere utterance of conventional phrases, in the conviction which breathes through all the serious poems of the present volume that God does really watch over the affairs of men. The poets all seem to believe, with simple and, in a manner, unconscious confidence, that their cause was the cause of God Almighty and of the human race. This gives a sublime air of enlargement to pieces that are full of technical faults and weakness. It would be absurd to compare them to the Song of Deborah or the song of the Passage of the Red Sea, but yet they have the old Hebrew confident ring about them, and without any of the old Hebrew ferocity and bloodiness. The spirit of a truer religion has breathed upon the Puritan nature of the Americans, and filled even their war hymns, or most of them, with something that is kindly and generous. Many of these versifiers, though, from lack of polish, they would barely be admitted into drawing-room albums, have a fine vivid sense of the beauties of Nature which is very admirable and almost painfully instructive. If this were true of one piece or of ten it might not mean very much, but it is true of fifties and hundreds, and this means a great deal to everybody who cares to think of that life and feeling which in the Western Republic lies behind the thin but noisy ranks of factious public men and private rowdies.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

MANY illustrious foreigners have become so thoroughly naturalized in England that their fame seems rather the possession of their adopted country than of the land of their birth. Distinguished living examples might be adduced; from the past it is sufficient to select Handel, Herschel, and Holbein.* No native artist is more thoroughly identified with English history than Holbein; his intense truth, and his monopoly of contemporary patronage, render his pictures the very mirror of the time. By postponing his second volume till the appearance of Mr. Wornum's expected work, the artist's German biographer admits that the more brilliant portion of his hero's career can only be adequately recorded in England. On the other hand, his own researches cover ground almost inaccessible to an English biographer. The materials, it need hardly be said, are scanty; so far as the bare facts of Holbein's life are concerned, they might easily be comprised within a few pages. Many obscure circumstances, however, require to be elucidated, and the necessary inquiries range far and wide. Nor is the writer a stranger to that customary art of biographical book-making by which the subject of the biography becomes the central, sometimes the scarcely visible, figure of a large canvass into which everything that can possibly be supposed to have affected his development is introduced. Nothing is more intolerable than this when it is the writer's object to display himself rather than his hero; but legitimate ornament produces a pleasing effect in literature as well as in art. Dr. Woltmann's illustrations and digressions are in excellent taste, and harmonize perfectly with his more immediate subject. His character of the Renaissance in Germany, his description of Augsburg, "a Germany in miniature," his sketch of Erasmus, and his reflections on the æsthetic influence of the Reformation, are sufficiently germane to the matter to need no apology, while they greatly enhance the interest of the work. The proper business of the biographer is not overlooked, all imaginable pains being taken in ferreting out minute facts, especially relating to the painter's family. The disputed date of his birth is fixed in 1495. On the whole, this is a most satisfactory work; but for the part of the subject most interesting to ourselves we must look, as has been said, to Mr. Wornum. Yet, when both writers have performed their utmost, the most vivid presentment of Holbein will still be in such of his own works as those which have been engraved for this volume. Erudition herself is portrayed in Erasmus and Frobenius, and all the *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum* may be read in his delineations of monks. The portrait of his wife explains at a glance why he left Basel for England, and why he never went back.

A monograph on Zwingli† deserves great commendation both for its substantial interest and the writer's skill in explaining and enlivening abstruse subjects. Although the Swiss Reformer was a less conspicuous figure in his own time than Luther and Calvin, and his doctrine has proved much less widely influential than theirs, it is more in harmony with modern ideas, many of which may be traced in a rudimentary condition in his writings. His most characteristic views are very clearly brought out in this neat little essay.

Four lectures on the history of the English Reformation by Wilhelm Maurerbrecher‡ contain little with which English readers should not be familiar, but constitute a useful summary for the author's own countrymen. Like several recent writers on the subject, he thinks that the conservative English were naturally more inclined to Catholicism than to Protestantism, but that they were effectually alienated from it by the severities of Queen Mary.

* *Holbein und seine Zeit.* Von Dr. Alfred Woltmann. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Zwingli-Studien.* Von Dr. Hermann Spörri. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *England im Reformationszeitalter. Vier Vorträge.* Von Wilhelm Maurerbrecher. Düsseldorf: Buddeus. London: Williams & Norgate.

A biography of Luis de Leon* is interesting from the subject, but much too diffuse. Dr. Wilkens's apology would perhaps be that, without the aid of prolixity and irrelevancy, the life of the Horace of the cloister scarcely afforded materials for an independent work. Spain has treated her poet in her usual fashion; his manuscripts were allowed to perish, and no attempt was made to collect materials for his life till too late. Characteristically enough, the only contribution she has to offer towards the biography of her gifted son is the record of his imprisonment by the Inquisition, published in Madrid some years since. Although Leon was ultimately acquitted and released, Dr. Wilkens is undoubtedly correct in considering that the keen instinct of the Inquisition did not mislead it on this occasion. Leon belonged to a party largely represented in the Spanish Church in the sixteenth century, which, however loyal to the Roman See in profession and intention, had adopted principles wholly incompatible with that absolute submission to authority without which the Papal claims could not long be maintained. The Inquisitors perceived the tendency of the Reformers' views much more clearly than the latter did themselves, and took such good order that since their days the Church of Spain has been very little troubled by inconvenient originality, or unpractical piety, or anything else inconsistent with perfect somnolence. Leon was allowed to escape, as too gentle to be dangerous; and, indeed, if his evangelical views savoured of Lutheranism, his tendencies in another direction could scarcely have found satisfaction out of the pale of the Roman Church. He was a passionate mystic, an ecstatic of the type most perfectly exemplified by St. Teresa. He was, in fact, Teresa's friend and adviser, and his hymns to the Virgin breathe all the peculiar mystic rapture by which human feeling asserts itself against the influences of the cloister. As a poet, he is also to some extent the representative of opposite tendencies. He came just after the revolution effected in Spanish poetry by Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega, when the old simple style was displaced by one ornate and highly artificial, modelled upon the classics and the Italians. The spirit of Leon's poems is thoroughly national, but the form is foreign. They are overloaded with mythological allusions, sometimes of the most incongruous character. Yet he derived from his classical studies a terseness, finish, and good taste which, united to his incomparable melody, vindicate for him perhaps the very highest rank among Spanish lyric poets.

If a knowledge of German were a more ordinary accomplishment among ultra High Churchmen, many a divine would revel in the ritualistic feast provided by Herr Bock†, in whom Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, would probably recognise an apostle of the peculiar philosophy of Sartor Resartus. In his pages everything may be found touching albs, stoles, maniples, superhumeralis, girdles, sandals, dalmatics, tunics, pectorals, *oraria*, *planetæ*, *infule*, *mitre*, and more varieties of ecclesiastical paraphernalia than we can here stop to enumerate. As a contribution to archaeology the work is very valuable, being prepared with a most conscientious reference to all extant specimens of mediæval ornament and *res vestitiarum*.

A translation of the Syriac poems of Ephraem Syrus‡ is one of the most valuable contributions recently made to the history of the early Church. Much cannot indeed be said for the poetical spirit of these compositions, which, with every allowance for the imperfections of translation, must be pronounced cumbrous and tedious; didactic, homilistic, controversial, anything rather than poetical. They are, however, most valuable as illustrations of primeval doctrines and practices, and more particularly as showing the general atmosphere of feeling and opinion which prevailed in the author's time among Oriental Christians. The most spirited and interesting are the hortatory and deprecatory hymns composed while the city of Nisibis, where the author lived, was besieged by the Persians. From various allusions, aided by the narrative of Ammianus Marcellinus, we can almost follow the progress of the campaign from one day to another, and the picture of the prevalent alarm is lively in the extreme. Other pieces deplore the obstinate heathenism of the neighbouring city of Carrhæ; others are levelled at Arians and other nonconformists of the period. The date of all these pieces can be determined with tolerable certainty, but this is not the case with the numerous and singular poems on Death, many of which are couched in the form of a dialogue between Death and the Devil. The execution is grotesque, but the conception suggests curious reminiscences of Milton. The editor's prolegomena and annotations are models of brevity and clearness. Being apparently a Roman Catholic, he keeps a watchful eye upon his author, and is always at hand to explain away anything savouring of heresy. It is almost superfluous to add that this treasure has been derived from the unrivalled Syriac collections of the British Museum, and that the editor acknowledges himself greatly indebted to the custodian, Dr. Wright.

The literature of the Byzantine Church, a subject in general almost totally neglected, has received a valuable illustration from the labours of the Archimandrite Andronicus Demetracopulus §,

* *Fray Luis de Leon. Eine Biographie aus der Geschichte der Spanischen Inquisition und Kirche im sechzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Dr. C. A. Wilkens. Halle: Pfeffer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte der liturgischen Gewänder des Mittelalters.* Von F. Bock. Bd. 2. Bonn: Cohen. London: Nutt.

‡ *S. Ephraemi Syri carmina Nisibena, additis prolegomenis primis editis, verit, explicavit G. Bickell.* Lipsiæ: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Bibliotheca Ecclesiastica, continens Græcorum theologorum opera.* Ex codicibus manuscriptorum Mosquensibus nunc primum Græce editit Archimandrita Andronicus Demetracopulus. Lipsiæ: List et Francke. London: Nutt.

who has edited no fewer than twenty hitherto unpublished writings from MSS. preserved at Moscow. One of these, a very curious tract against the Manichæans, belongs to the middle of the ninth century; the others, chiefly by Eustratius, Archbishop of Nicea, and Nicholas, Bishop of Methone, are of the era of the Crusades. They are chiefly controversial in character, are written in very good Greek, and distinguished by fervour, logical subtlety, and ineffable contempt for Latin heterodoxy.

The Imperial Museum at Vienna* has produced an admirable catalogue of its antiques and medals. The descriptions are full, without being prolix, and a history of the collections is prefixed.

The explanation of two antique bronzes† has afforded F. Ritschl opportunity for a very interesting essay, treating of many points both of archaeology and mythology.

A collection of encomiums‡ on departed Academicians would in most instances be an assemblage of hollow sophisms, and a display of empty rhetoric. It is much to the honour of Dr. Von Martius that his official praises should so distinctly bear the impress of simplicity and sincerity. The claims of each departed *savant* are stated with calmness and candour, without any attempt at eloquence, but with marked sympathy and kindness of feeling. Some of them are too brief; we have not found any of which the contrary can be said. Among the illustrious men who pass in review before the orator are Humboldt, Oken, Biot, Berzelius, and Robert Brown.

The third part of Dr. Barth's great comparative vocabulary of the tongues of Central Africa§ contains the nouns in nine languages. Copious notes are added, both in English and German. They consist to a great extent of remarks on Koelle's *Africa Polyglotta*.

The Dinka|| are the people who live along the banks of the Nile between Khartoum and Gondokoro. Their wealth consists in cattle, and their habits are nomad to a certain degree. They are far more interesting and civilized than the negroes with whom Speke and Baker have recently made us acquainted. What we know of them is chiefly due to the labours of a Roman Catholic mission established among them for nearly twenty years, which has done much both for science and proselytism. The work before us is compiled from the documents of the missionaries. Besides a grammar, lexicon, and versions from the Scriptures, it contains a number of dialogues, ingeniously constructed to explain the whole social polity of the Dinkas. Professor Mitternützer states that he has taken the greatest pains to investigate the etymological affinities of the language, but seems to imply that he has been unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

Professor von Cotta¶ announces in his preface that his work is to be regarded as a criticism, not a manual, of geological science. It is all the more entertaining on this account, and is destined, if we do not mistake, to a wide popularity with general readers. There is no great effort at originality, except in the author's remarks on the influence of the soil on the physical and moral development of those who dwell upon it. This is a subject to which Mr. Baker's report on the geological characteristics of the countries he has traversed, with Sir R. Murchison's comments, have already directed the attention of many in this country. Herr von Cotta's reading must be very comprehensive, and his book is carefully brought up to the present state of knowledge. Nearly all the little episodes which have recently agitated the palæontological world find a notice in his pages. Lyell is his principal guide, and he shows himself inclined to adopt the views of Darwin, which are explained and defended in a very elaborate chapter.

A visitor to the newly-formed volcano of Santorin tells us that he found a brilliant lichen growing in the very jaws of the crater. Under somewhat similar conditions, geology affirms, was organic life originated on our globe. The step, therefore, is not so wide as it might appear from Professor von Cotta's geological catastrophes to Professor Hallier's** parasitic cryptogamia. The scientific mind will applaud his minute diligence, and admire the exuberance which nature seems to display in proportion to the insignificance of her creations. The unscientific mind will lament that the human frame should be liable to be infested by such microscopic swarms of vegetable vermin.

Dr. Brücke's†† *Physiology of Colour* is a practical treatise, with sufficient science to provide the artist with a sound theoretical basis. He explains the principles which should regulate the combination of colours; their effect under peculiar conditions, such as artificial light; and other problems of the decorator's art. Decoration as a whole is divided by him into three classes,

* *Die Sammlungen des k. k. Münz- und Antiken-Cabinetes.* Beschrieben von E. von Sacken und F. Kenner. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

† *Ino Leukothea. Zwei antike Bronzen, von Neuwid und München.* Erklärt von F. Ritschl. Bonn: Marcus. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Akademische Denkrede.* Von Dr. C. F. P. von Martius. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Nutt.

§ *Sammlung und Bearbeitung Central-Afrikanischer Vokabularien.* Von Heinrich Barth. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Die Dinka-Sprache in Central-Afrika. Kurze Grammatik, Text, und Wörterbuch.* Von Dr. J. C. Mitternützer. Brixen: Weger. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Geologie der Gegenwart.* Dargestellt und beleuchtet von Bernhard von Cotta. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Die pflanzlichen Parasiten des menschlichen Körpers.* Von Ernst Hallier. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Nutt.

†† *Die Physiologie der Farben für die Zwecke der Kunstgewerbe.* Von Dr. E. Brücke. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

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isochromy, merochromy, and pachichromy. This nomenclature seems subtly devised to prevent classical studies from dying out.

The Geographical Annual*, of which the first volume has appeared at Gotha, promises to be a periodical of great utility and importance. Besides a mass of statistical information respecting population, comparative tables of weights and measures, &c., the present volume contains a number of essays by Petermann, Von Sydow, and other writers of eminence. The most important of these is a summary of the present state of ethnological knowledge, by Professor Seligmann. It is a treatise in itself, and perhaps the most satisfactory that has yet appeared on this subject. The geographical distribution of plants and animals, and the railway system of the Continent, are also the themes of very interesting papers.

The proceedings of the Geographical Congress at Frankfurt† seem to have principally related to a projected Arctic expedition. Under present circumstances, there can be little doubt that similar enterprises will be liberally encouraged by Prussia.

A Handbook of Political Statistics‡ closely resembles in its plan the excellent volume for which we are annually indebted to Mr. Martin, and will be found equally useful.

The "Physiology of the Human Voice," by Dr. C. L. Merkel §, is a very copious treatise on a subject much more extensive than would be readily believed by those who have paid no attention to it.

Hoffmann's great mathematical dictionary || steadily continues its course. *Quadrata* in all its forms is a name of such potency in the science that the whole of the present volume is devoted to the letter Q.

The history of painting in France ¶ since 1789 is a fine subject, from the close relation which the art has maintained to the national character. The spirit of no period has been more faithfully reflected in its artistic creations. The classic David and the romantic Delacroix are equally French. However imperfectly a lofty ideal may be gratified by the sentimentality of one French painter, or the sensuousness of another, or the melodrama of a third, the fact remains that these men have in their own way expressed the mind of a great nation. Dr. Meyer has gone over his ground very carefully, noticing all artists of mark comprehended in this division of his subject, but bestowing particular attention on David, Géricault, and Delacroix. Ingres, Vernet, Delacroix, and the purring materialism so fashionable at present, will form the subject of another volume.

A new art-periodical ** promises extremely well. It numbers Wagen, Hettner, and other eminent men among its contributors, is copiously illustrated, and contains useful notices of new works and distinguished artists.

Whatever illustration can do, short of rendering the work too elaborate for popular use, has been done for Lübke's†† introduction to ecclesiastical architecture. The book falls into two portions, one of which traces the history of the subject, and considers the cathedral as a whole; while the second treats the various features of the structure individually. The writer has a rare gift for popular exposition, and has done for the German people at large what a series of costly and voluminous publications have scarcely effected for the connoisseur in England.

Of several novels ‡‡ before us it may in general be said that they attain the average level of this class of literature in Germany, which is not a high one as compared either with France or with England.

* *Geographisches Jahrbuch.* Herausgegeben von E. Behm. Bd. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

† *Anticher Bericht über die erste Versammlung deutscher Meister und Freunde der Erdkunde.* Frankfurt: Verlag des Hochstiftes. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Handbuch für Staatskunde. Politische Statistik aller Kulturländer der Erde.* Von Dr. W. Kellner. Leipzig: Quandt & Händel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Physiologie der menschlichen Sprache.* Von Dr. C. L. Merkel. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Mathematisches Wörterbuch.* Von L. Hoffmann. Bd. 5, Q. Von L. Salani. Berlin: Wiegand & Hempel. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Geschichte der modernen Französischen Malerei seit 1789.* Von Dr. Julius Meyer. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst.* Herausgegeben von Dr. C. von Lützow. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Trübner & Co.

†† *Vorschule zum Studium der kirchlichen Kunst.* Von Dr. W. Lübke. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Erzählungen, Novellen, und Gedichte.* Von Arthur Bitter. 4 Bde. Bern: Haller. London: Asher & Co.

§§ *Erlebnisse eines Arztes.* Abth. 1. Von Dr. E. D. Mund. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

¶¶ *Ein Geächteter. Lebensbild.* Von H. Breusing. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Für's Vaterland. Geschichtlicher Roman.* Von Julius Mühlfeld. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.

§§ *Deutsche Opfer.* Von Karl Wartenburg. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in A. YACHTING CRUISE, by F. C. Burnand, Esq.; with THE WEDDING BREAKFAST AT MRS. BOSELEAF'S, by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Morning at Three.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.—Last Week ending August 23.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.

NOTTINGHAM MEETING, August 22, 1866.

President—W. R. GROVE, Esq., M.A., Q.C., F.R.S., &c.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Wednesday, August 22 President's Address, at 8 p.m., in the Theatre.

Sectional Meetings as usual, from the 23rd to the 28th, inclusive.

Thursday, August 23 Soirée in Exhibition Building.

Friday, August 24 Lecture at 8.30 p.m. in the Theatre, by W. HENNING, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., On the Results of Spectrum Analysis applied to the Heavenly Bodies.

Monday, August 27 Lecture by J. D. HOOKER, Esq., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., On Insular Floras.

Tuesday, August 28 Soirée in the Exhibition Building.

Saturday, August 25 Excursions to the Midland Railway Works at Derby, Eastwood, Riddings, Cinder Hill, Annesley, and Newstead Abbey.

Thursday, August 30 Excursions to the Derwent and Wye Valleys, The Butterley Company, Charnwood Forest, and Belvoir Castle.

Newstead Abbey will be open to Visitors during the Meeting of the Association, except on Saturday the 25th, and Sunday the 26th of August, from 11 a.m. till 6 p.m. The Gardens will be open on the same days, from 11 a.m. till 5 p.m.

The Reception Room, Corn Exchange, Nottingham, will be open on Monday, August 20.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent to the Assistant General Secretary, G. GRIFFITHS, M.A., Nottingham.

Members and Associates intending to be present at the Meeting are requested to apply to the Local Secretaries, who will assist them in procuring Lodgings, and will forward a Railway Pass, entitling the holder to obtain from the principal Railway Companies a Return Ticket at a Single Fare, available from Monday, August 20, to Saturday, September 1, inclusive.

WM. TINDAL ROBERTSON, Esq., M.D.

E. J. LOWE, Esq., F.R.A.S., &c.

Rev. J. F. McALLAN, M.A.

Local Secretaries.

RAY SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the Ray Society will be held at Nottingham, on Friday, August 24, 1866, at 3 p.m.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S., in the Chair.

H. T. STANTON, F.L.S., F.G.S., Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—

WINTER SESSION.—The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by Dr. J. W. OGLE, on Monday, October 1, at 2 p.m. Perpetual Pupil's Fee, £100; Compounder's, £60; Dental Pupil's, £45.

NOTICE.—THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.

A MEETING of the Convocation of the Queen's University in Ireland will be held in Dublin, for the ELECTION of a SENATOR, on the day next after the Public Meeting of the University in October, 1866.

By Order of the Senate.

G. JOHNSTONE STONEY, M.A., F.R.S., Secretary.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—The COUNCIL give Notice

that the Office of HEAD-MASTER of the School will be vacant at Christmas next, and that they will receive Applications for the Appointment not later than Wednesday, October 17.—For information, apply to

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, London, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1833, for the General Education of Ladies, and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Patrons.

HER MAJESTY the QUEEN.

H.R.H. the PRINCESS of WALES.

Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

Principal.—The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.

Lady Resident.—Miss FARRY.

Committee of Professors.

Antonio Biazzi.

W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.

The Rev. W. Bennett, A.A.C.L.

The Rev. T. A. Cook, M.A.

The Rev. Francis Garden, M.A.

William Hughes, F.R.G.S.

John Hullah.

Alphonse Mariette, M.A.

The Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A.

The Rev. M. Meyrick, A.A.C.L.

W. Cave Thomas.

Henry Warren.

Gottlieb Weil, Ph.D.

The Rev. H. White, A.A.C.L.

The College will Reopen for the Michaelmas Term on Thursday, October 4. Individual Instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music to Pupils attending at least One Class. Special Conversation Classes in Modern Languages will be formed on the entry of Six Names. Pupils are received from the age of Thirteen upwards.

Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders.

Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, Classes, &c., may be had on application to Miss Milward, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W.

Lady Superintendent.—Miss HAY.

Assistant.—Miss WALKER.

The CLASSES of the School will Reopen on Thursday, September 27. Pupils are received from the age of Five upwards.

Prospectuses, with full particulars, may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

BEDFORD COLLEGE (for Ladies), 48 and 49 Bedford Square,

London.—The CLASSES will begin, for the Session 1866-67, on Thursday, October 11. The SCHOOL will Re-open on Thursday, September 27. Two Annual Scholarships, giving free admission for Two Years to Five Classes, including Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, will be open for Competition by Examination at the beginning of next October. Candidates are requested to send in their Names before September 1.

Prospectuses may be had at the College.

JANE MARTINEAU, Hon. Sec.

DREGHORN COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

(Established in 1837 as the Grange House School.)

Principal.—JOHN DALGLEISH, Esq.

Vice-Principal.—W. SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A. (Edin.)

The TENTH SESSION begins on Tuesday, October 2. The Preliminary Examination, for Classification, will take place on Wednesday, the 3rd. Prospectuses of the Course of Study, on application.

Dreghorn College, Edinburgh, July 1866.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington

Square. Head-Master.—F. NASH, Esq., late Principal of Farington, Neilherry Hills assisted by E. THRELWALL, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; Professor HOWES, F.R.G.S., King's College, London; and others. Tuition Fees in the Classical Division, Twelve Guineas per annum; in the English Division, Nine Guineas. Term begins September 10.—A Preparatory Class for LITTLE BOYS.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST,

and the LINE.—Mr. WREN, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by a High Wrangler, an Oxford Graduate (First Class in Classical Honours), and the best Masters obtainable for all the other Subjects allowed to be taken up, receives RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT PUPILS. Moderate Terms. References to Parents of Pupils who have been successful at the Examinations for each of the above.—Wiltshire House, 8, John's Road, Brickton, S.

PREPARATION for the HOME and INDIAN CIVIL

SERVICE, at EASTHOLME, Lee, Kent.—There is a Vacancy for ONE PUPIL. Terms, £14 14s. per Month, inclusive.—Address, M.A., Eastholme, Lee, S.E.

INDIA AND CEYLON CIVIL SERVICES.—There are Vacancies for Resident and Non-resident STUDENTS at the CIVIL SERVICE HALL, whose staff of Teachers includes Oxford and Cambridge Graduates in High Honours. This year Five of the successful Candidates were wholly or partially prepared at the Civil Service Hall. The highest references.—Address, A. D. SPANON, Esq., M.A., 12 Prince's Square, Bayswater, W.

NAVAL CADETS, &c.—EASTMAN'S R.N. ESTABLISHMENT.—Southsea.—More than 700 Pupils have entered Her Majesty's Service. At the Naval Cadet Examination of December last, One-Third (less one) of the Whole Number of Successful Candidates PASSED from the above. At THREE of the last FIVE Naval Cadet Examinations Pupils took the First place.—Address Dr. SPENCER, as above.

ETON AND WINCHESTER ELECTIONS, 1867.—A Married CLERGYMAN (whose Son was among the first Three on the Winchester Roll for 1866, 149 Candidates) wishes to take TWO BOYS, from Nine to Ten years old, to prepare for the next Elections. The highest references.—Address, EKNOWSON, Dickers & Son, 1 Leicester Square, London.

BRIGHTON.—A CAMBRIDGE M.A. (Graduate in Honours, and lately Foundation Scholar and Prizeman of his College), who has had much experience in Private Tuition, receives into his Family a few PUPILS, and, with competent assistance, Educates them for the Universities, or prepares them for the Army and Civil Service Examinations.—Address, TROTTER, Page's Library, North Street, Brighton.

A BENEFICENT CLERGYMAN, Graduate of Oxford, Married, who has now THREE PUPILS, desires a FOURTH, as Companion to a Youth of Seventeen, who is leading for the University.—Address, W. A. W., Messrs. Parker, Publisher, Oxford.

PREPARATION for PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. W. J. PAYNE, M.A., has some VACANCIES for the Term commencing September 7. His House faces the sea, and he has a Private Gymnasium and Playroom for wet days, &c., in addition to the usual Playground. Terms, 80 Guineas a year.—Gordon House, Marine Parade, Brighton.

PRIVATE TUITION.—The RECTOR (Married) of a small Country Parish in Shropshire, B.A. of Trin. Coll. Cam., and an old Rugbyman, who takes TWO PUPILS, has one Vacancy. In addition to the usual preparation for the Public Schools, &c., the Advertiser offers French and thorough German; and to those Pupils whose Parents desire it, some little Fishing and Shooting, and Standing for a Horse. Climate bracing. Terms inclusive. Good references given and required.—Address, B.A., Post Office, Gosport, Hants.

A GRADUATE and CLASSMAN of Oxford, resident in a most desirable neighbourhood within 10 minutes' rail of London, has a Vacancy for a PUPIL, to whom he offers special advantages. Terms, £200 per annum.—Address, Rev. M.A., Mickleham, Surrey.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.—A Berks RECTOR, M.A. Trin. Coll. Cambridge, who intends to Winter abroad for his Wife's health, wishes for TWO ADDITIONAL PUPILS. Since 1859 he has sent Pupils to Oxford, Cambridge, the Army, &c. References given and required.—Address, Rev. N. N., Messrs. Parker's, Broad Street, Oxford.

TUITION.—An EX-MASTER in a Public School, and an Author of repute, prepares PUPILS for the Universities or any profession in life, on moderate terms. The highest possible references.—Address, CLANCY, Eaton's Library, Cheltenham.

A CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE, Exhibitioner from his School, First Class in June 1865, and has been engaged for the last year in preparing Boys for the Public Schools, wishes for a TUTORSHIP or NON-RESIDENT MASTERSHIP. Highest testimonials.—Address, B.A., Post Office, Putney.

VISITING TUTOR.—An OXFORD FIRST-CLASSMAN (in Lit. Hum. at the Final Examination) wishes to Read with One or Two PUPILS.—Address, E.C., care of Street Brothers, 11 Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

TO PUBLIC SCHOOL and UNIVERSITY MEN.—The Services of a GENTLEMAN required as ASSISTANT in a First-class Private School in the County. The work is light, and fair terms will be given.—Address, stating Age and References, to A. B., care of E. Fisher, Esq., 23 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL LATIN PRIMER (edited with the sanction of the Head-Masters of the Nine Public Schools named in Her Majesty's Commission) will be published on Thursday next, the 23rd instant, price Half-a-Crown.—The Publishers beg leave to state that the Book to which objections have appeared in several Journals was a mere Proof Copy of the Primer, confidentially circulated for private criticism. That copy had been widely reprinted in a different form, and with much alteration, before the objections were made. The work has since undergone thorough revision, with special reference to criticisms sent, and improvements suggested, by many scholars engaged in classical instruction; the result being, that a large number of those who had been cited as entertaining some objection to the Proof Copy have expressed general approbation of the revised Primer.—London: LONGMANS and Co.

NEW REFORM CLUB.—TEMPORARY ACCOMMODATION has been provided, and is NOW OPEN for the Members, at DRAPER'S HOTEL, 23 Seckville Street, Piccadilly, pending the Alteration and Fitting-up of the Club Premises in Jernyn Street. Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members are requested to send their Applications without delay to the Secretaries, 71 Jernyn Street, St. James's, from whom Prospectuses and any information on the subject may be obtained.

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